THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 311 — NUMBER 4041

DECEMBER 17, 1921

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE ECONOMIC DISTRIBUTION OF WAR LOSSES

L'Écho de Paris publishes in its issue of November 8 the results of the study made by the French engineer and statistician, M. Jean Rey, concerning the distribution of French war losses.

M. Rey's investigations prove that the liberal professions lost more members by battle and disease than any other section of the population. No fewer than 71,000 persons drawn from among members of the liberal professions gave up their lives during the war, which is more than double their due proportion. Commerce and agriculture likewise contributed far more than their share — agriculture particularly. On the other hand, the industrial workers were called upon for much less than their proportional toll, and the same is true of the transport workers. Public functionaries likewise got off very easily.

Now it is a frequent assertion that the industrial workers are in all wars called upon to make the chief contribution to the casualty lists. The Socialists, particularly, are in the habit of saying, 'the bourgeoisie save their own skins and take the profits, while the workers furnish the victims.' This generalization, *L'Écho de Paris* points out, is not substantiated by the actual figures. Certain elements of the bourgeoisie — the professional classes, and the shopkeepers — shed their blood far more freely in proportion to their numbers than did the industrial proletariat. Some classes of workers — the miners, for example — came through the war with a very low proportion of losses.

According to M. Rey's figures the total war deaths among soldiers drawn from the agricultural population amounted to 673,000. Had this element contributed to the casualty lists in no greater proportion than that of its strength in the population as a whole, it would have lost only 513,000. The industrial workers, on the other hand, lost 267,400 of their number; their proportionate quota would have been 382,500.

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ENGLISH MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

THE municipal elections which were held throughout Great Britain, with the exception of London, during the first week of November, shed very little light upon the relative strength of the various political parties. The *Daily Herald* claims a total gain of seventy seats for the Labor Party in the various borough councils, while the *Spectator* assures its readers that the total gain is

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not more than forty seats at the outside. It is significant that, although the Labor Party showed an increase of strength in some of the large industrial cities, it met some of its severest reverses in these communities also. Thus, while Labor gained six seats in the Birmingham municipal council, and five in Sheffield, it lost four seats in Manchester, and six in Liverpool. The *Saturday Review* finds significance in the fact that Labor made many of its gains in the towns where a considerable portion of the middle-class electorate was absent from the polls through lack of interest. As a forecast of what is likely to happen in the event of a general parliamentary election these municipal results are of scant value.

In any case it is generally conceded that the elections showed no strong drift of political sentiment in any direction. According to the analysis of results made by the London *Times* the successful candidates include 400 Conservatives, 210 Liberals, 204 members of the Labor Party, and 150 Independents. Some revision of these figures will probably have to be made when the official returns come in, but such changes will not seriously alter the relative strength of the parties as indicated by the above figures. The Liberal strength lies chiefly in the Lancashire and Scottish boroughs; the Labor Party has increased its hold somewhat in the West Midlands and the South of England; the Conservatives have held their own in all other parts of the United Kingdom.

LUDENDORFF'S LATEST OUTBURST

General Ludendorff's latest volume, *War Making and Policy*, is being extensively reviewed in the European press. The main thesis of the book is the same as that maintained in Ludendorff's earlier writings, namely, that the politicians and not the military leaders were responsible for the loss of the war. The chief sinner is, of course, Bethmann-Hollweg, whom Ludendorff berates for having opposed the inauguration of the ruthless submarine campaign until the opportune time for it had gone by. He believes that the political grounds upon which Bethmann based his reluctance were of no great account and that America would have entered the war anyway.

Ludendorff still clings to the idea that even in the summer of 1918, the Germans had ultimate victory within their grasp. He even ventures to suggest that if he had been victorious in the drive of July 15, 1918, 'the will of our enemies might have been broken.' He does not yet see, what some of his broader-visioned compatriots have long since realized, that the Allied will to victory was stronger in the summer of 1918 than it had been at any previous time.

WHAT CHINA THINKS OF JAPAN

The statement which the Chinese delegation to the Washington Conference issued at Honolulu during the voyage to America has stirred up considerable resentment in certain sections of the Japanese press. *Chugai Shogyo* brands the statement as 'insolence of the worst type against a friendly country and people.'

In the first paragraph of the statement it was said, in substance, that the four hundred millions of the Chinese people all consider Japan as the most dangerous factor against the peace of the Orient as well as that of the world. We are, of course, quite unable to conjecture on what basis such reasoning was made. Although there are a number of persons of certain classes in China who make it their task to disseminate anti-Japanese sentiment among the people at large and abroad, they are mostly politicians who have lost their power and influ-

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ence, and so-called scholars who are always busy manufacturing public opinion. Therefore, it is the height of exaggeration and mischievous invention that the Chinese people are, on the whole, imbued with such an erroneous conception of Japan.

The stationing of our garrisons in China, though principally for the protection of our residents there, is also for the prevention of civil war in China. If these garrisons, which are dispatched to China out of the spirit of the preservation of peace in that country, be withdrawn, political crises and strifes will occur more frequently and in more serious degree and, consequently, all the people in China will be subjected to greater misery and calamity. Therefore, to denounce Japan as the most dangerous factor against the peace of the Orient is a calumny and false charge pushed to the extreme. It is quite natural that China and other smaller and weaker nations should try to further their own power and rights at this opportunity, and we have rather sympathetic feelings toward them. We also hope for their full success at the Conference. However, to ignore the relationship of a good neighbor and the friendliness of Japan, oblivious of the international position of their own country, is a thing which the Chinese officials concerned should avoid at all times. Such irresponsible and vain utterances are serviceable only for satisfying their own personal, prejudiced sentiment, and are not only insignificant viewed from the general situation of their country but will bring about disastrous results in international relationship.

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A SAMOAN INTRIGUE

ACCORDING to *Looking Forward*, an interesting example of the way in which political discontent may be stirred up in mandate territories has recently come to light in Samoa: —

That part of the country which was taken from Germany and handed over to New Zealand has for some time been complaining of its new rulers. These complaints culminated in a petition from the natives of high position praying that Samoa should be governed no longer by New Zealand, but by Great Britain. When the discontent was inquired into, it was discovered that the fomenters of it were a section of white traders in the island who resented the prohibition of the sale of liquor. By the mandate of the League of Nations which transferred Samoa to New Zealand, the supply of liquor to the natives was forbidden and the New Zealand Government thought the best plan was to keep it out of the island altogether. This did not suit certain of the white inhabitants. They set to work, therefore, to persuade the natives that they would be better off if they were ruled from London instead of from Wellington; they procured numbers of signatures to letters of protest against taxation and extravagance; they induced influential natives to send the petition in favor of direct Imperial administration. Now the cat is out of the bag and the white traders look foolish. If every agitation for political change were examined closely, most of them would be found to have as their primal cause some germ of personal ambition or personal gain.

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THE END OF THE HAPSBURGS

A LONG and picturesque chapter in European history came to a close with the voyage of ex-Emperor Karl on the Glowworm down the Danube to the sea. Compared with that of the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollern monarchy was a relatively upstart affair. The ancestors of the German Kaiser, three centuries ago, were practically unknown among the great rulers of Europe — second-rate princes they were until Prussia, in 1701, strode into the list of European monarchies. Not William of Hohenzollern, but Karl of Hapsburg, may rightly claim to be the last of the Cæsars. Karl occupied a throne which perpetuated as did no other European throne the traditions of mediæval imperialism. The Holy Roman Empire bulked large in the minds of men for several centuries; there were thinkers and poets who saw in it the inheritance

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of Augustus, and believed that all Christendom might some day be united under its peaceful sway. So with the formal deposition of Karl, the oldest monarchy in Continental Europe came to an end. Commenting on the event the *Daily Telegraph* marvels that it should have occasioned so little interest or attention throughout the world.

Thin and ghostly we seem to hear the clash of ancient lances, the echo of silent trumpets, the rustle of blazoned banners, long since mouldered into dust, as the last Cæsar passes into ignoble exile, and the world, glancing at him with a shrug and a smile, turns back to more important matters.

THE PROBLEM OF EGYPT

For more than four months the question of reconstructing the government of Egypt has been the subject of negotiation between the British authorities on the one hand, and a deputation of Egyptian leaders, headed by Adly Pasha, on the other. On more than one occasion the satisfactory conclusion of these conferences has been unofficially announced; but it now appears that these announcements were altogether premature.

A proposal to supersede the existing British protectorate over Egypt by an agreement which would recognize Egyptian independence while securing the essential interests of Great Britain was accepted by both sides as the basis of negotiations. This formula was suggested by Lord Milner's report as the only one upon which a satisfactory agreement could ever be reached. The Egyptians are not, and never have been, British subjects. The theory of their government is now, and always has been, that they are governed by a Sultan, a Council of Ministers, and a National Assembly, who together have full powers of sovereignty; but the actual control of Egyptian policy has hitherto rested largely in the hands of British Agents-General, High Commissioners, and other functionaries sent to Cairo from London. What the Egyptians desire is a reconciliation between the theory and the facts of their own government.

The great stumbling-block in the negotiations has been the question of protecting the 'essential interests of Great Britain,' a compendious expression which includes the security of the Suez Canal, the control of the Sudan, and the stationing of a British army in Egypt for the protection of imperial communications.

The *Westminster Gazette* sees no necessity for any hard driving of terms in this matter. It urges the British authorities to make clear that they have no intention of keeping a permanent 'army of occupation' in Egypt.

The one guarantee for law and order in Egypt and peace between Egyptians and foreigners is the restoration of good-will between British and Egyptians. A friendly Egypt will be a far greater security to foreigners than the peppering of the country with small British forces which will be a constant source of irritation. Having chosen the friendly policy, let us go for it wholeheartedly and see that it is not marred by higgling reserves and petty timidity.

The same sentiment is strongly expressed by H. N. Brailsford, in the *Daily Herald*. 'What is it,' asks Mr. Brailsford, 'that prevents our coming to terms with Egypt?'

The difficulty is mainly that our military authorities are not content that British troops shall guard the Suez Canal, while British warships enjoy the use of a naval base at Alexandria. They must needs keep a standing garrison of British troops at Cairo and at Alexandria as well. Mr. Churchill has said so in public, and it seems that

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this demand is vexing even the tame official deputation under Adly Pasha which is now negotiating with Lord Curzon.

Now there is one test which the simplest and least 'extreme' of Egyptians can and will apply. Does the new status of Egypt make an end of the occupation? If the British garrison remains in Cairo, then, plainly, independence is an idle word, and even the modest autonomy an illusion. While we keep our bayonets there, our officials will still address the Egyptian Government in tones of command, and ultimately they will have to be obeyed. The army was always in the past the 'sanction' behind our advisers.

A settlement with Egypt is remarkably easy. But there is one concession which no Egyptian party dare make, and that is the continuance of the military occupation.

RAILWAY QUESTIONS IN ARGENTINA

THE London *Statist* announces that a satisfactory settlement of the Argentina railway question is expected shortly. For several years there has been tension between the Argentine Government and the foreign-owned railway companies operating throughout the Republic, the chief issue being the question of rate-fixing.

Thirty years ago, at a period when money was cheap throughout the world, the Argentine Congress enacted a general statute covering the question of railroad earnings. This enactment, known as the Mitré Law, fixed a maximum return on capital at 6.8 per cent, an exceedingly attractive return in those days. The relatively high rate was set with a view to encouraging railway construction. As a result of the law, railway mileage in Argentina rapidly increased, and in time became greater than that of any other South American republic.

During the last few years, however, the cost of operating railways has greatly increased in the Argentine Republic, as everywhere else, and the companies have found it difficult to earn their 6.8 per cent. Consequently, they have been urging a general increase in transportation charges, and have suggested that the rate of net return on capital should also be raised.

The *Statist* complains that foreign railway investments in Argentina have not been treated with any excess of generosity during recent years.

Since the last decade of the nineteenth century, economic conditions in Europe have completely and radically changed. Whereas seven per cent was practically unobtainable thirty years ago, no European government, even, can now hope to borrow under, roughly, about six per cent, and industrial concerns are expected to yield a clear seven per cent. Consequently, the Mitré Law by itself is a deterrent to investment in Argentina in the conditions which exist to-day, and which seem likely to exist for a considerable time to come. Owing to various causes money may be temporarily cheap in any of the great European centres; but in the nature of the case, owing to the enormous debts, public and private, of the different countries and to the urgent demand for credit, it cannot possibly remain cheap for any considerable time. No investor, therefore, will be attracted by a return of seven per cent in countries situated thousands of miles from Europe, and over whose concerns the shareholder cannot hope to exercise any control, unless he has a reasonable prospect that at least that seven per cent is as secure as human foresight can reasonably expect it to be. One would expect that, in view of the changed conditions which have occurred in those countries which have money to invest, the officials responsible for the administration of the Mitré Law would interpret that law in a spirit in accordance with these changed conditions. On the contrary, it appears that it has lately been interpreted with a precision which would do credit to the president of a legal debating society anxious to impress upon his students the importance of interpreting the strict letter of the law.

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THE FRANCO-TURKISH AGREEMENT

THERE appears to be no danger that the agreement recently concluded between France and the Kemalists in Turkey will lead to serious misunderstandings between the French and Great Britain. The *Daily Telegraph*, in commenting upon the fact that the negotiations have resulted in an 'agreement' and not in a 'treaty,' expresses the belief that the distinction may be useful 'if it means that the compact has a certain elasticity and may be modified without the formalities required for the abrogation of a treaty.'

The *Times*, in an editorial on the subject, suggests to the British people that they accept the situation with patience and good humor, pointing out that no one should expect Great Britain and France to think exactly alike on all questions of international politics in every corner of the globe.

We are different nations, and our interests do not precisely coincide at every point. The Entente does not exclude liberty of action on the part of each of its members so long as such action does not endanger the supreme, the common cause. It may easily happen that one or the other country in pursuing its special national interests may feel impelled to take definite action in a manner that does not immediately meet with the approval of its Ally. At any rate, the grounds of such action should be carefully examined before it is condemned or made the occasion for outcries about breaches of the Entente. The Entente is certainly big enough and broad enough to cover a good many differences of opinion, and even occasional divergency in action.

The French have concluded a separate peace with the Kemalists. That is true, and what we regret is not that the French should have made peace, but that a general peace was not concluded between the Allies and the Kemalists at the same time. The French were the first to perceive and to act upon the realities of the situation in Asia Minor. They have forestalled us, perhaps because of the hesitancy of our Government, perhaps because they had particular motives for urgency.

We have repeatedly called attention to the need for formulating and acting upon such a policy, but procrastination, which has been the besetting sin of the Allies in the Near East ever since the Armistice, has been allowed to usurp decision until the whole problem has become almost unmanageable. There is certainly no ground in the present situation for mutual recrimination. All are at fault. All have been guilty of sins of omission and commission, and all are the victims of the miserable makeshifts that have been substituted for a strong and united policy.

The *Outlook* takes an altogether different view of the situation, and declares that strong resentment has been aroused in England by the publication of the Franco-Kemalist agreement. It regrets that British policy in the Near East has shown a needless amount of vacillation, and suggests that in giving its moral support to Greece the British Government 'backed the wrong horse.'

We ought to have prevented Greece, as we could have done, from fighting Turkey in Asia Minor, and Lord Curzon seems to have allowed his feelings against the Bolsheviki, his terror of the unnatural alliance between Moscow and Angora, to blind him for months to the realities of the position. But when all allowances are made for the blundering of our diplomats, the French have played us a shabby trick. The attitude of the Paris press shows clearly that this is realized there.

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COULD GERMANY HAVE AVOIDED THE WAR?

BY ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ

[*This article contains the salient passages from a long and rather rambling article on* The Past, Present, and Future of Germany, *the greater portion of which is of merely historical interest.*]

From *Die Grenzboten*, No. 41
(Conservative Political and Literary Weekly)

At the London Conference, on March 1 of this year, Lloyd George reiterated, as the official spokesman of the Entente, the statement that the onerous peace of Versailles is based upon and justified by Germany's avowed responsibility for the outbreak of the war. This allegation shows how important the responsibility question is. Whoever gives thought to this matter must realize that falsehood is here securing one of its greatest triumphs through the deft propaganda of our enemies. But just because a large part of the world has succumbed to this propaganda, it behooves those who, through personal experience or from thorough investigation, are acquainted with the facts, to make clear the truth about the pre-war political manœuvrings.

Now, a part of this 'responsibility' allegation rests upon the idea that, by creating a great navy we acted improperly, irritated the English unnecessarily, and thus provided an important impulse toward war. As I am particularly responsible for the upbuilding of our navy, I want to have my say on this matter.

A word by way of historical introduction. Toward the end of the last century, we Germans entered a new economic epoch, which called upon us either to renounce our future by handing over to other nations our excess population, or to retain this surplus, if we could, for our benefit and theirs. History's logical process pointed us to the latter alternative, and we chose it without clearly realizing that the changed conditions brought with them entirely new tasks.

After Germany became an economic unit, her progress pushed rapidly on, leaving even that of England behind. Various factors contributed to this progress — German science with its exact methods; the intelligence, quality, and training of our industrial leaders and workers. A third important factor was Germany's splendid geographical position, in the middle of the Continent, making her the natural business centre of Europe.

In the light of this progress, can one be astonished that the English, a nation of shopkeepers, should begin to think of pushing aside those who threatened their century-old monopoly? Is it believable that Germany, hat in hand, without any naval power, would have been allowed to develop a serious and successful competition? Sharp economic competition between Germany and England was, in the nature of things, inevitable. The vital question is: Was it also inevitable that this rivalry should lead to war?

The great turn of the tide from friendship to rivalry took place in the nineties of the last century. Its first outward manifestations were the flare-up over the Kruger message and the 'Made in Germany' requirement — the aim of

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the latter being to handicap Germany in international trade. So, having met the animosity of a world-power, we could face it successfully only if we, too, became a world-power; which means that we had to build a navy.

England, at that time, aimed at separating us from Russia, and even from Austria. If Germany, thus isolated, could have been brought into an entente with England, we should then have been completely under her control. England's underlying motive demonstrates that not an entente, but the development of our own power, was the proper policy. Not until we had built up a navy could the question of an entente with England be discussed. Suppose we had proved able to surpass England commercially without possessing a fleet — there can be no doubt, especially after our late and bitter experience, that England would have strangled our supremacy without risking anything. On national, economic, and cultural grounds, it was necessary for us to build a navy; and in 1897 one of the last opportunities in this field was given to us. It was late, indeed, but not too late.

Now comes the further question: Could this necessary development have been carried on without coming to blows with England? Personally, I am inclined to think it was possible; for when a series of political mistakes brought us into conflict in 1914, the real danger point had already passed.

What was the political situation of Germany in 1897 and 1900? When we passed our navy laws, Russia and France stood in strong opposition to England, which was isolated and not dangerous. America and Japan were politically indifferent to us. As long as the French indulged in an aggressive colonial policy, thus threatening to break through England's Africa–Mesopotamia–India connection, a Franco-British alliance was unthinkable. But when, after Fashoda, France abandoned her far-reaching African plans, confining herself to her North-African provinces, the whole situation changed. With this shift France was brought under England's influence. The idea of an *entente cordiale* with England presently took its place in the French mind.

So long as the Russians, on the other hand, were occupied at Port Arthur and in the settlement of Siberia, their powers of expansion were fully engaged. But after being expelled from Port Arthur by England and Japan, there revived the time-honored and popular Russian idea of establishing the Cross on the Hagia Sophia at Constantinople. After that turn in affairs, we should have more assiduously cultivated the friendship of our eastern neighbor.

The second Far-Eastern power, Japan, had been forced into antipathy to us by our participation in the Shimonoseki ultimatum. How inept our Japanese policy was can be inferred from the fact that our minister at Tokyo let himself be persuaded by the Russian and French ministers to deliver personally this ultimatum to the Tokyo Foreign Office. In spite of this, I have reason to believe that, both at that time and later, an understanding with Japan could have been arrived at.

After the Russo-Japanese War our international situation, on the whole, was less favorable. England had her hands free and could concentrate her energies against Germany. As early as 1905 the English admiralty realized that the development of our sea-power must prove to be a great factor in affairs. Even as the British, prior to 1905, had underrated our navy, so at that date they began to overrate it. Our navy was not strong enough at that time to come to grips with the English fleet. So it is not surprising that the

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chief of the English admiralty, Lord Fisher, desired to destroy the Germans at once. His words were: 'Let's Copenhagen the German Fleet' — that is, pounce upon the German navy in piping times of peace, as happened to the Danish fleet in 1807. This was the time when our navy presented an actual danger to peace.

But the English cabinet thought it better to gain Russia as an ally against Germany. And that was the situation in 1909, when Bethmann-Hollweg became chancellor. In the same year England openly approached Russia, whereupon Germany was put to the problem of seeking a real understanding with Russia, or of submitting to England. Had we chosen the latter, we should have had to reckon with a Russo-German conflict, and the necessity, not only of building up a formidable land-power, but of obliging Austria to do the same. By taking neither side, we laid the same burden on ourselves. So long as the English danger was not out of the way, we had to continue our navy programme, which, however, was badly neglected under Bethmann. But his great shortcoming was his lack of clear-sighted policy. By sending Liman Sanders to Constantinople, we irritated the Russians; by building the Bagdad railway, we stirred up not only the Russians, but the English as well. Thus, we helped drive England and Russia into each other's arms.

The correspondence between the Russian Government and its foreign ministers at the various European courts has recently been published. It clearly proves three things: first, that Russian policy before the war had one goal to which all the other questions were subordinated — the Dardanelles; second, that the French steadily encouraged the Russians to take the route to Constantinople by way of Berlin; and third, that the English, fully informed on this point, promised assistance to both Russians and French, on condition that their diplomacy should succeed in placing Germany as a malefactor before the eyes of the world.

Not until 1913 did the Russian war party begin to gain the upper hand, and it was as late as February 8, 1914, that the Russian Government decided in a conclave that the road to Constantinople was as good by way of the Balkans as through the Caucasus or by sea.

So we see that Germany's naval policy had nothing to do with the outbreak of the war. Not only did the existence of our navy make England hesitate about entering the war in 1914, but it offered to clever diplomats the earlier chance of coming to a full understanding with Russia, and even with Japan. Had they availed themselves of it, history would have taken a different course.

While the Entente was being formed, Bethmann began to seek an understanding with England. Now I do not think these negotiations had any chance, because in English eyes the Entente was already as good as achieved. There was, however, no reason not to make the attempt. I supported Bethmann in his endeavors along this line, but our procedure was wrong in principle because we failed to approach Russia at the same time. Only if England had fears of a Russo-German understanding, would she have been inclined to an understanding with us. And whether or not such an understanding would have proved permanent is doubtful.

On the other hand, I am convinced that it would have been possible at that time to have come to an understanding with Russia, if only we had proceeded logically and energetically. There was nothing irreconcilable in the vital interests of Russia and Germany; these interests lay then, as now, in the

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same direction. The common foe of both countries was British Imperialism, which could have desired nothing better than to see Russia and Germany fighting each other. That the Tsar was of this opinion, I know from my personal acquaintance with him.

If it had been understood further that the Russians did not require to go by way of the Balkans in order to reach Constantinople, concern about Austria would have been needless. Once the Russian bear and the British whale were confronted with each other at Constantinople, Germany as well as Austria would be rid of the danger. Bearing in mind our inevitable antagonism to England, our interest in such a solution should have been great enough to place us in support of Russia so far as possible. The fact that we did not do this when we opened negotiations with England was a serious mistake, which we repeated in a grotesque way during 1916, when we slapped Russia in the face by our 'proclamation to the Poles' — and in the same breath solemnly invited England to make peace with us. Lloyd George's answer was, of course: 'Knock 'em out.'

I repeat that the critical period with England, so far as our fleet is concerned, was in 1905, when the English admiralty yearned for war with its superiority still undisputed. When, in 1912, England realized that we had finally settled the strength of our navy, it ceased to be a matter of controversy between us. England and her admiralty had come to regard our navy as an accomplished fact. In 1913, under Mr. Churchill, England made proposals in the direction of an understanding, and these I declared in the Reichstag to be acceptable. From this time on, our navy really was an aid to the cause of peace; because the English admiralty was fully aware of the risk involved in a war with Germany. It is quite natural that the English should not have regarded our navy with friendly eyes. But if they had deemed its growth to be a cause for war, they would not have waited until our navy was strong enough to be a very dangerous enemy — which was indeed the situation in 1914. The English admiralty realized that a clash of the two fleets would shatter the English sea-power in any event. And the battle off Jutland showed unmistakably the superiority of our fleet, not in size or numbers, but in the quality of its personnel and material. Yet, this battle took place at a time when circumstances were much less favorable to us than at the beginning of the war.

All this shows how great a risk England incurred by entering the war. It was one of the gravest mistakes of Bethmann's pre-war policy not to have augmented this risk by strengthening our military and naval power. All the information that we received during 1913 made us confident that our relations with England had passed the critical point. Recall the adjustment of Anglo-German colonial controversies in the course of that year. It was only as the result of extraordinary circumstances that we, nevertheless, came to blows. I am convinced, therefore, that the stabilization of our empire was possible without war, and that, once having engaged in a war, we need not have lost it.

Now, our Fatherland is torn to pieces. Is there any hope left to us? We all look forward to a healing of the nation's wounds, but every one ought to realize the abounding difficulties of our task. To reason from the analogy of the situation which existed after the crushing of the German nation by Napoleon is wrong. At that time the physical and moral strength of our people was unbroken, and the foundations of the state had not been shattered. Immediately after the collapse

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of 1806, far-reaching reforms were put through by energetic leaders, so that Napoleon at St. Helena used to say: 'My greatest mistake was that I did not completely destroy Prussia.'

To-day, conditions are different. The Revolution has destroyed the very foundations of our state. The defensive forces which we created for the protection of our borders have been systematically obliterated by the leaders of the new democratic régime. The strength and integrity of our old government was proved by the invincible resistance, which ended in catastrophe because German people assassinated their own state, while the foe stood before the gates.

Let us face the truth: we shall not need whole centuries for our recovery as was the case after the Thirty Years' War. History now moves with a rapid stride. Being an old man, I cannot hope to see the rising of the new sun. But if I none the less feel confident that it will some day shine again upon our fortunes, I do so because of the strong patriotism which pulses in our youth, a patriotism which I believe will extend to all Germans. The first gleam of our renaissance will be the general conviction that nothing but madness and a deficient sense of honor can ever induce us to accept responsibility for the war. From this conviction will result the indomitable will to rebuff the impossible and dishonorable demands of our enemies, and to bear the consequences with the dignity that befits a noble nation.

Then, and only then, will the odium now resting upon us be cast off, and we shall gain our rightful share of friends in the world.

OIL AND EMPIRE

BY E. EBERLIN

From *La Grande Revue, October*
(Liberal Literary Monthly)

The conflict of interests between England and the United States cannot be denied. These two most powerful maritime states of the world have taken their respective positions and are already at grips. Their principal battlefield will not be the continent of Europe, and that is why events in Central America, which are superficially of so little importance, stir Mr. Lloyd George more deeply than German disturbances. At present, the question of prime importance in the minds of the cabinets, both at Washington and at London, is the control of petroleum.

Until the last few years, and for more than half a century, the oil industry was predominantly American. Naphtha was first discovered and exploited in the United States, and it was there that Rockefeller developed his ingenious scheme of pipe-lines, the gigantic tubes through which the petroleum flows to the immense reservoirs at the refineries. Thereafter, the price fell

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decidedly, since the transportation of oil took care of itself, so to speak. Producers became dependent upon the pipe-lines, and the Standard Oil, the greatest of American oil companies, found itself practically master of the business.

For half a century, petroleum was used primarily for illuminating; then it had to contend for mastery, even in this narrow domain, with gas and electricity. The invention of the gas motor and the prodigious development of the automobile, however, gave it a new lease of life. Only a few years later a German engineer named Diesel, discovered in crude oil (*mazout*), which is a by-product of petroleum refineries, a suitable fuel for a new motor of his own design. Crude oil, when admitted to the cylinder under high pressure, forms an explosive mixture which, without either spark or magneto, drives the pistons precisely as in an explosion motor; and since it comes from a valueless by-product, the Diesel engine can be operated very cheaply.

Weight for weight, crude oil furnishes 17 per cent more heat than coal, besides being less bulky and expensive. Moreover, the ingenious idea was developed of introducing crude oil directly into the furnaces of steamships; and since it requires a great deal of oxygen in order to burn, powerful sprays have been devised in order to reduce it to fine particles and thus facilitate combustion. Crude oil, moreover, is easy to handle, since it flows into stoking devices of itself, and permits a marked economy in the engine-room personnel as well as quicker changes in speed. By giving more heat in proportion to the bulk of fuel carried, it enlarges the cruising radius of a vessel nearly fifty per cent, while making possible, at the same time, a saving of thirty per cent in bunker space.

This is a matter of especial importance in armored vessels, which may thus be equipped with more powerful guns. The English super-dreadnoughts of the Queen Elizabeth class burn nothing but crude oil, and the same is true of the American ships of the Nevada and Oklahoma class. The United States Navy has completely abandoned the use of coal for vessels now under construction; and, as for the merchant marine, the most powerful companies have equipped their steamers to use liquid fuel and Diesel engines.

In the war-fleets as in mercantile shipping, crude oil will soon drive out coal, and this simple fact is surcharged with deep significance for the British Empire, the existence of which is dependent upon naval supremacy. Imperial Britain owes this supremacy, not to the number and the tonnage of her ships alone, but also to her monopoly of fuel.

Thanks to the numerous coaling-stations which Britain has scattered over all the steamer lanes of the world, not a single ship, whether of war or commerce, can move upon the seas save by her grace. Her coal, moreover, assures to her vessels, large and small, a cargo of outward-bound freight which is certain to find sale in any land; British steamers can always sail, therefore, with full holds — a fortunate circumstance which enables them to give lower return freight rates than the ships of any other country. For this reason merchandise consigned to England pays lower transportation charges than freight destined to any other land, and English industry benefits correspondingly by this genuine advantage in the purchase of raw materials abroad. This is a great advantage in the British campaign for the conquest of international markets, and it may be said that the whole commercial and industrial prosperity of England, for a century

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past, has rested on this heritage of coal.

But from the moment that crude oil became available for use by steamships, all this was susceptible of change. England then produced no oil, whereas the United States furnished some seventy per cent of the world's supply. Was America to outstrip John Bull?

Luckily for the English, America had no merchant marine; but during the war — when confronted with a formidable freight shortage, with an urgent demand for maritime transport, and with losses caused by the German submarines — the American shipbuilders placed immense fleets upon the two oceans and in three years, with vigorous governmental encouragement, constructed a merchant fleet whose tonnage almost reached that of the British and will pass it next year. May not America, then, possessing both ships and fuel, be tempted to wrest from Great Britain her century-old rôle of 'mistress of the sea'? The military power of the great Empire would thus find itself gravely threatened.

Mr. Daniels, when Secretary of the Navy, submitted to the Naval Commission of the House, a table showing the status of the chief navies of the world as well as the programmes then being carried out. This table demonstrated that within four years the chief naval powers would have at their disposition the following strength: —

England, 574 ships, aggregating 1,665,332 tons.
United States, 438 ships, aggregating 1,609,410 tons.
Japan, 85 ships, aggregating 679,956 tons.

But these figures do not give an exact conspectus of present strengths. In an Anglo-American naval war, — the extent of the field of operations being considered, — the major units would play the decisive part. Now, the United States, in 1925, will have twenty-seven ships of the line, almost all superdreadnoughts of recent construction, as against twenty-six antiquated armored vessels of England; for the Queen Elizabeth herself, which was the admiration of naval strategists a few years ago, is already outclassed by the new American mastodons of 45,000 tons, armed with twelve 16-in. guns and capable of steaming 23 knots. England, however, has abandoned this phase of the rivalry and is constructing only small vessels, destroyers and submarines for coast defense.

As M. Francis Delaisi has rightly said in his interesting book, *Le Petrole*, one can only marvel at the irony of fate and the fragility of empires. For four years England waged a burdensome war with the prime object of destroying the German navy forever. At the cost of enormous losses which will cripple her for half a century, she succeeded. The proud cruisers of the Kaiser are at the bottom of Scapa Flow; the palatial steamers of the Hamburg-Amerika Line and of the North German Lloyd have been divided as spoils among the conquerors. The only maritime rival that Britain formerly had to fear is vanquished; but from the very struggle which destroyed this rival, a new challenger is born, twice as powerful as the first, because America adds to her superiority in tonnage a quasi-monopoly of the fuel which England lacks. American oil in the furnaces of great steamships — that may bode the end of the British Empire.

Confronted by the petroleum menace, some English manufacturers and statesmen, without loss of time, have planned and carried out by clever twists and silent schemings the acquisition of almost all the petroleum reserves of the world. Prospectors and representatives of British high finance have scurried all over the world, with

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the full consent of the Government, in quest of new oil deposits to conquer. The most important oil concerns engaged in active exploitation, except the Standard Oil, were quickly assailed and conquered by British capital. Placed at John Bull's disposal under cover of various commercial companies, the Shell-Transport, the Mexican Eagle, the Burmah Oil, the Anglo-Persian Oil, have added to their number since the Armistice the powerful trust of Holland, the Royal Dutch, with a production of 10,000,000 tons a year, and a fleet of oil tankers whose displacement aggregates 600,000 tons, — ten times that of France, — not to mention a capital of 6,000,000,000 francs. Very cleverly the English have, at need, known how to associate themselves with American firms by investing capital in the United States. At the present hour there is not a single oil-producing country where the English have not obtained control of the most important wells, as the following table shows: —

Europe		Africa	
Rumania:	Royal Dutch	Egypt:	Royal Dutch
Russia:	"		
America			
California:	Royal Dutch	Trinidad:	Royal Dutch
Oklahoma:	"	Venezuela:	"
Texas:	"	Mexico:	Mexican Eagle

Oriental

Dutch East Indies: Royal Dutch
Burmah: Burmah Oil Company
Persia: Anglo-Persian Oil Company

England can duplicate her coal reserves with petrol tanks on all the shipping-routes without any fear of an American monopoly. No doubt, the production of the Anglo-Dutch group does not reach a third that of the Standard Oil; but the oil deposits in the United States are being exhausted. According to American estimates, there are no more than 7,000,000,000 barrels left; in other words, an eighteen-year supply, for the United States consumes 400,000 barrels a year. The rest of the world has 53,000,000,000 barrels. From that reserve, which will be exhausted in 250 years with a consumption of 200,000 barrels a year, England is assured of the larger share. That is why, the London *Times*, that great organ of British capital, could cry triumphantly in March, 1920: 'Even now the Americans are constrained to buy from English companies a million pounds sterling at a time, and to pay more and more dearly in dollars, because of the unfavorable exchange, for the oil which is indispensable to them and which their own soil can no longer give. . . . Except for Mexico and a small part of Central America, the whole world is securely barricaded against any serious enterprise of the United States. The English position is impregnable. Unfortunately for them and fortunately for us, the eyes of the Americans have been opened too late.'

But without losing any time, the Americans have set themselves to equal the English achievements. By the end of the month of April, the United States Senate authorized the Navy Department to reserve to itself the oil wells in certain states of the Union, a measure evidently directed against the English exploiters already installed in the United States. Solemn warnings were officially given. Mr. Franklin K. Lane, former Secretary of the Interior, asked whether the English Government could be allowed to lay its hand on such an important market to the exclusion of all other states and whether such methods of business lead to peace or war. On November 25, 1920, Mr. Bainbridge Colby, then Secretary of State, in a note addressed to the British Foreign Office, sharply raised the principle of the 'open door' with regard to the international administration of Mossoul, where great British interests are involved with the

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Turkish Petroleum Company. The American note is still without reply, and controversies are rife as to the value of the engagements entered into by the Sultan before the war relative to the exploitation of oil deposits in Mesopotamia. To-day America maintains her position by demanding of the League of Nations that the mandates assigned to England and France, from Damascus to Aden and Bagdad, shall provide for equal rights to all nations.

It is not merely a question of commercial rivalry between companies in quest of dividends: it is a question of the control of a product whose possession or lack can modify the always unstable equilibrium of nations. To get this product or to keep it, either one of the two rival governments is ready to bring into play all the economic and military power that it possesses. The Anglo-American incident in Costa Rica, a few months ago, is highly significant in this connection.

Lord Cowdray, the representative of the Pearson group of English interests, had succeeded in obtaining important petroleum concessions from a certain Tinoco, who was then president of the little Republic situated between Nicaragua and Panama. Drills and labor to exploit the wells had also been arranged for. Thereupon, Senator Borah proposed to Congress, which adopted it, a resolution demanding that the President of the United States should investigate the circumstances under which Lord Cowdray had obtained his concession. The American Government interested itself in the affairs, and the world soon learned that a 'revolution' had burst out in Costa Rica, with the result that President Tinoco had been thrown out of office. The new government, following Washington's advice, refused to recognize the validity of the concessions awarded to Lord Cowdray.

Lloyd George took up the matter with the government at Washington, but an inquiry quickly disclosed that behind a member of Congress itself, who represented the British company, there were some Englishmen, among whom was Lloyd George's son [*sic*].

Mr. Bainbridge Colby, the Secretary of State at Washington, replied on the 26th of last February in a note which supported the attitude of Costa Rica, vigorously asserting that President Tinoco had no power to make concessions to foreigners since his government had never been recognized. Meanwhile, the English warship, Cambrian, made its appearance on the coast of Costa Rica. Imagine the political significance of such an act, carried out without any notification: a warship, the moral and tangible emissary of a great European power, entering American waters to support a claim the nature of which was not merely economic, but political as well: That was a step which it will be imprudent for England to take four or five years from now! At the moment, Washington pretended to ignore England's audacious naval demonstration, but it stood firmly by the position taken in the Colby note, and since that time discussion has gone on between London and Washington. It will probably be adjusted with the Mesopotamian oil question.

The United States, moreover, took occasion (did it also create the occasion?) to affirm its authority over Central America at the very moment when the English vessel was cruising in its waters; and indeed, while this incident was in progress, another important event took place. The troops of the new Costa Rican Government invaded the territory of Colombia, which had long been the object of a dispute with Panama, thus compelling the latter state to appeal to arms. Washington first proposed and then imposed its

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mediation, which was exercised somewhat in favor of Costa Rica since it confirms the rectification of the frontier laid down in 1914 by the decision of the American Chief-Justice White.

Meanwhile let us give heed to a sign of war that never fails: an exodus of British capital from the United States is beginning to take place. This exodus has been especially apparent in California since 1919. If we can believe the *California Oil World*, Americans in the oil business who have appealed to English capital, have found themselves systematically refused because of the uncertainty of the future, so far as freedom of production and sale of oil in America are concerned. Great quantities of material for the exploitation of oil regions are bought in the United States by the English and sent to those parts of the globe where British interests seem certain of development, less exposed to the risks which are developing day by day. And so economic symptoms as well as the policy of naval armaments, all point to a terrific settlement of accounts in a future which is not very distant.

The exasperated tone of the American press, in reply to the cynical exultation of the *Times*, proud of having overreached American rivalry, is highly significant in this respect.

'With our increased fleet,' says the *Union* of New Hampshire, 'the imperialist bullies will have to take care that their plans do not stir up a nation which is determined to protect its rights and interests.'

American statesmen do not conceal their intentions. The new Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Denby, said not long ago that the fleet ought at least to equal the most powerful in existence so as to constitute a solid first line of defense.

At bottom, it is a struggle for naval supremacy which is in progress between the two countries.

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THE FUTURE OF THE LITTLE ENTENTE

BY TAKE JONESCU

[This article is supplementary to the account of the founding of the Little Entente given by M. Jonescu in our last number.]

From *La Revue de France, November* 1
(PARIS LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMI-MONTHLY)

A CLEAR comprehension of future dangers, and the necessity of preventing the disintegration of Central Europe from menacing the general order, imposed itself on the statesmen who, simultaneously with the realization in 1918 of the dreams of centuries, saw the hour approaching when heavy responsibilities would fall upon their nations — nations recalled, indeed, to life and freedom, but constrained henceforward to labor for the maintenance of order and for the liberty of all. In this spirit, pourparlers have been in progress between MM. Bénès, Venizelos, Pachich, and myself, at Paris and London, ever since the autumn of 1918.

Sometimes it was MM. Venizelos, Pachich, and myself who mapped out the future order of the ancient Balkan peninsula; sometimes MM. Bénès, Pachich, and myself studied our future relations as the inheritors of the Hapsburg Empire. We did not make any definite or very great plans, but we saw clearly that, once our nations had come into their rightful heritage, they must at any cost stand together. We saw, not merely that no one of our states could fulfill its mission alone, but another truth even more important: that no two states can be neighbors without friction. No nations known to history have been neighbors for centuries without periods of tension. There had been one solitary case, the Serbians and the Rumanians; but within the last few years even this single example has failed us.

We said to ourselves, 'If we remain separated, no matter what our good-will toward one another, the day when either a serious divergence of interests, or one of those psychological misunderstandings which are so natural, or the blindness and stupidity of one of our own governments, or the clever and treacherous intrigues of an enemy, will create a ticklish situation, disorder will result, and then the expression 'the Balkanization of Europe' will at last have meaning. So we must create among ourselves such permanent understandings, such alliances, to employ the exact word, that all the differences which may arise among us will be adjusted in the friendly spirit of allies who seek to understand one another.

Fired with this idea, after the autumn of 1918, we planned to unite ourselves in close and permanent bonds. We realized perfectly that there could be no confederation. Our peoples, some of whom had just been brought to new life, while others had but recently attained national unity, were too jealous of the prerogatives of sovereignty, to be capable of the requisite sacrifices. Confederation is an ideal of the future. I do not know whether it will be realized or not; but what we all knew was that for the moment it was impossible. Having given up the idea of a confederation, we looked for some other scheme,

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but for the moment we gave definite form to only one desire. We wanted to present a united front to the Peace Conference, with all our differences settled either among ourselves or by arbitrators whom we chose; and we wished to show to the powers, who thought to decide our fate, that we were advanced enough to have no need of them, so far as our mutual relations were concerned.

I shall never forget the day when M. Masaryk, the chosen President of the Czechoslovak Republic, passed through Paris, and I had a conversation with him on our future plans. I spoke of the need to extend our entente to the Baltic and the Ægean Sea — that is, to bring in Poland on the North and Greece on the South; and when I suggested that he make the acquaintance of M. Venizelos, he proposed going to see him. Great man as the Cretan is, he preferred to come himself to see President Masaryk, and we all three met at the Hotel Meurice in M. Masaryk's apartment. In a triangular conversation, which lasted almost two hours, we talked over the necessity of not appearing before the Peace Conference until we had come to an agreement on all questions. At that time there were no means of discussion with Poland, since the Polish Committee at Paris was not in agreement with the government at Warsaw.

Later on, in the spring of 1919, I had several conversations with M. Venizelos, during the course of which we outlined precisely our aims, as well as the means of attaining them. It was our purpose to build about the peace treaties a wall designed to halt every attempt, no matter whence it might come, to break or make any breach in them, for, in our opinion the peace of the world could be based only on the maintenance of the treaties, which were just and moderate, and outside of which there was nothing but chaos.

The means? We reached the following conclusions. A treaty of alliance between the five states would guarantee to each one of us the integrity of our frontiers; and we would establish permanent contact between the five foreign ministers, so that our foreign policies would be similar. We would demand a place, to be occupied by each of us in turn, in the permanent Council of the League of Nations. The Supreme Council would be asked to admit each one of us in alternation to its deliberations, so that its decisions could not be taken without our having a voice in them. Finally, military training and armament would be organized on the same plan in all five countries. This, we thought, was the maximum which could be obtained at the moment, and we left it to time to draw closer the bonds between our states. Our plan would have created — what I am sure will some day exist — a *bloc* of 85,000,000 people, masters of Central Europe from the Baltic to the Ægean Sea, profoundly interested in the preservation of the order established by the Peace Conference, and, in consequence, one of the most solid guaranties possible against any danger of future war, even in case of an alliance between Germany and Russia. Neither M. Venizelos nor myself, and certainly neither M. Bénès nor M. Pachich, ever thought of establishing this *bloc* save in agreement with the great Allied powers which had given us the victory. I still think that we have here the only solution. We have not yet attained it, but we have done all that can be done at the present time. We have smoothed the way for the work of to-morrow.

As I said at the beginning of this article, we have attained, by means of four separate treaties of alliance, something which approximates the plan that I mapped out with M. Venizelos in the spring of 1919, and which, in practice,

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renders almost the same service. The work is almost complete so far as Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia are concerned. To be sure, we had not considered in our treaties anything but the Hungarian and Bulgarian dangers, and we left out for the moment the Russian danger for Rumania, and the German danger for Czechoslovakia — a danger which might also become threatening to Yugoslavia. Nevertheless, the existence of the treaty of alliance established between our three countries such an identity of political action that we could be regarded as a *bloc* under all circumstances. For the moment, Greece is outside the entente because she is in a state of war; but, in spite of that, Serbia, Rumania, and Greece stand together in everything that does not concern Balkan questions.

And yet there is — why should I conceal it? — one great difficulty: the relations between Czechoslovakia and Poland. I repeat here what I have already said before the Rumanian Parliament, in my last speech on the foreign policy of Rumania: there is nothing more necessary than a definite and complete understanding between Poland and Czechoslovakia. No Czechoslovak can give me sound reasons for unfriendly relations between his country and Poland, and no Pole can explain to me anything that ought to divide Poland and Czechoslovakia. I have heard memories of the recent past recalled, memories of the Hapsburg monarchy, under which the Czechs, who desired their liberty, were naturally the enemies of the state; whereas the Poles, who in Austria enjoyed a certain autonomy, supported the existence of that same state. But these are memories of a situation that has disappeared forever. I know that the division of the Teschen district — like all such partitions — has left discontented people on both sides, on the Polish side especially. But this is a question that is definitely over and done with.

In accord with French diplomacy, I have devoted the greater part of my energies, since I have had the honor of directing Rumania's foreign policy, to the conclusion of an alliance between the Czechoslovaks and the Poles. It is perhaps not inappropriate at this time to defend Poland against her numerous detractors, some genuinely hostile to the Polish people, and others simply impatient at seeing her struggling today amid difficulties for which these very men are in part responsible. I do not wish to lay undue emphasis upon the fact that the Poles have been without the right of government for one hundred and thirty years, and that, in consequence, they require a certain period of political apprenticeship. I do not wish to insist further upon the fact that Poland — divided into three parts and deprived of all communication between them — requires time in which to develop a complete unity of the national spirit. I do not desire to lay undue weight upon the fact that statesmen do not appear in nations that are in a state of servitude; and that moderation and self-possession are scarcely the qualities most sought after among an oppressed people who must break their chains by any means at hand. Yet, I ask those who genuinely wish for peace in Europe, whether they can imagine a tranquil Continent without a powerful and enduring Poland separating Germany and Russia. Up to the present time, no one has replied to this question except by admitting that Poland is indispensable to the quiet and peace of Europe. If this is true, it is our duty, not to increase Polish difficulties, but to do all that is humanly possible to aid Poland in traversing her present crisis and in actually playing the rôle which is rightfully hers in Eastern Europe.

I am convinced that it is impossible

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for Poland to fulfill her part completely except through an alliance with Czechoslovakia. It is not true, as so many Poles, blinded by recent memories, believe, that Poland's hereditary enemy should be Russia; and even if she were, Russia without Germany would be powerless. The true defense of Polish independence is to the West, and the defensive problem to the West is bound up with that of Czechoslovakia.

The time will come — though, on the other hand, there is no need for haste — when the Powers will have occasion to show their good-will toward Poland, now that the question of Upper Silesia has been solved. The question at issue is that of Eastern Galicia, whose fate has not yet been definitely decided. Now, it is to the interest, not merely of the Poles, but of all civilized Europe, that Eastern Galicia should belong to Poland under one form or another. Let me explain. It is essential that the military power guarding Eastern Galicia should be Polish. There could be no greater crime than to set Russia, either that of to-day or that of to-morrow, on the summit of the Carpathians — that is to say, almost on the plains of Europe. That would be such an act of political blindness, such a suicide for the truly European Europe, that I refuse to believe such a thing can happen. It is not a Rumanian's patriotic blindness which makes me say that it is impossible to use other soldiers to defend the approach of the Carpathians from the eastern side than those of Poland; but it is the clear and reflective mind of a European, which wishes to defend European civilization.

I am aware that, very recently, serious efforts have been made, both at Prague and at Warsaw, with a view to an understanding. I am aware that there are obstacles to a formal alliance. The frontiers of the Treaty of Riga have not yet been recognized by the powers. It is time that the powers should recognize them, even though not convinced that the lines are in every respect equitable. The Allies were guilty of an unpardonable sin when, in creating Poland, they failed to establish all her frontiers at the same time. They had the legal right, and they had above all the moral right, because at the time of the Peace Conference their prestige was such that no one in the world dared dispute their decisions. In dealing with this question, the great powers made a failure of their task. A war and a treaty followed. A frontier was drawn. It is a good deal better to recognize that frontier than to seek after an unknown line. It is time to bring the matter to a close.

In the East and Centre of Europe, which has not yet recovered its calm after the war, we have established a group of alliances which, resting on permanent necessity, are certain of long life. When one reflects that we were able in 1921 to conclude an alliance between Rumania and Yugoslavia, whereas in 1919 — well, it is at least fairly evident that we have here, not an ephemeral structure, the product of a few statesmen's fantastic imaginations, but one of those necessities which sometimes surpass the expectations of those who form them. That task was the first stage. We have shown what the second should be; but shall we ever reach the second stage? With the same conviction that I had last autumn, when I said: 'The Little Entente will be formed and you will be glad when it is done,' I say now: 'Not only is the Little Entente destined to live, but it will be developed along the lines which I have indicated.'

In all these pages I have said nothing with regard to the conquered nations. Gentlemen, some of whom think they are statesmen and some of whom really are, so frequently ask this question:

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'When will you take Bulgaria into the Little Entente?' or, 'When will you take Hungary into the Little Entente?' that I feel myself obliged to reply to it.

The Little Entente is not an anodyne to which merely one more signature can give efficacy. The Little Entente is a real thing. If it ever includes — besides the states content with the existing condition of affairs, which are its present members — other states whose purpose, conscious or unconscious, is to overthrow existing conditions, our Entente, instead of being more powerful, will fall to pieces at the first trial.

The attitude of the Little Entente toward both Hungary and Bulgaria ought to be loyal, friendly, and even tolerant. We can afford to be tolerant, because we are conscious of our power and shall continue to be conscious of it. But let it be understood that there are some pretentions, such as those of a return of the Hapsburgs, which, in spite of our tolerance and our good-will, we cannot accept. We are asked on what we base the right to oppose such a return. We base it upon a highly moral principle — that without morals politics are nothing. The Hapsburgs had already been driven out by both the Austrians and Hungarians when the Armistice and the peace with those countries were signed. That is why the formal dislodgment of the dynasty, guilty of having unchained the great catastrophe upon the world, was not formally demanded; but the fall of that dynasty was the moral condition of peace with Hungary, just as the fall of the Hohenzollerns was the moral condition of peace with Germany.

As for Austria, we have as much interest as France in maintaining her independence. The Austrian situation is quite different from that of Hungary or that of Bulgaria. Since she has no designs upon any of her neighbors, and asks only to live in peace with us, we are determined to aid Austria in all her efforts to continue as an independent state.

One last word. It is asked whether the Little Entente is intended to free the states which compose it from the tutelage of the Great Entente. Nothing could be more foolish than such an idea. We have not submitted to any attempt at tutelage on the part of the great powers. We complain, with good reason, of not being summoned to their councils, for that should be our right; but it is a very different thing to say that we have formed our Little Entente in order to shake off a tutelage which does not exist.

On the other hand, we know so well that our interests are harmonious with those of the Allied powers, and especially with France, the future danger to which is greatest, that in working for the establishment and the development of the Little Entente, we are convinced that we have made, not only a good stroke of national politics, but a good stroke of Allied politics.

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ULSTER'S BOUNDARIES

BY A REASONABLE ULSTERMAN

From the *Sunday Times, November* 6
(INDEPENDENT JOURNAL)

IRELAND is much like the Balkans, only more so. When you have, with infinite pains, plastered over one sore spot, you find that you have opened up half a dozen others. In the old days no person of reforming tastes had a moment's doubt as to what was to be done with Ireland — or with Turkey. An alien ascendancy, Mr. Gladstone's 'Upas tree,' was blighting and poisoning the life of both countries. Cut it down, and all would be well. The Turk has gone, 'bag and baggage,' but no one would regard the Balkans as a bower of bliss. In Ireland, too, the 'ascendancy' has gone. The 'Yeos,' the tithe-proctors, the bailiffs, and finally the landlord himself, have all been kicked out. Home Rule has been granted — or offered — on a scale never dreamed of by Grattan or O'Connell, by Butt or Parnell; and Ireland remains as before — a trouble and a menace to Britain at home and abroad.

A quarter of a century ago a confident Chief Secretary — they are always confident for the first three weeks — announced that Home Rule was dead! Mr. Balfour's policy of 'Light railways and heavy sentences' had killed it. 'F. C. G.' transfixed the imposture by one of his inimitable cartoons: Salisbury and Devonshire, 'T. W.' and Chamberlain, all seated on the coffin, but out of every crack and cranny legs, arms, and shillelaghs were thrust in vehement protest against the verdict. Subsequent events have justified the cartoonist as against the coroner.

And now it is Ulster. If Ulster will only subscribe to a 'formula,' all will be well. I should really have thought that by this time even Downing Street had discovered that Ulster is not a formula, but a somewhat hard and angular fact. And yet it is a fact of quite recent discovery. I have two walls entirely covered with books about Ireland in all its shapes and phases, and not one of them is about Ulster. In the good old days every young Whig or 'Young Englander' toured Ireland as a matter of course before taking up serious politics. And he always wrote a book about it. But it was the Ireland of Agitators, of Whiteboy Acts and Westmeath Acts, of Ribbonmen and 'Carders,' that called for observation — not the Ireland of an occasional riot on the Twelfth of July. There was no formula needed for Ulster in those placid days. Ulster sent her solid Tory phalanx to Westminster, 'the Ulster twenty-nine,' and that was all there was about it! Of one great magnate it is credibly reported that on election day he sent down his apologies for keeping a visitor waiting: 'His Lordship was in his own room "returning two members," and he had to catch the post. But he would be down in a minute.'

And then came emancipation, and Democracy with a big D. His lordship's descendants live in cheap lodgings somewhere in the South of England, and Liberty and Equality reign in his stead. But, alas, they have not brought Fraternity with them. The forces of the Crown have been doubled and trebled,

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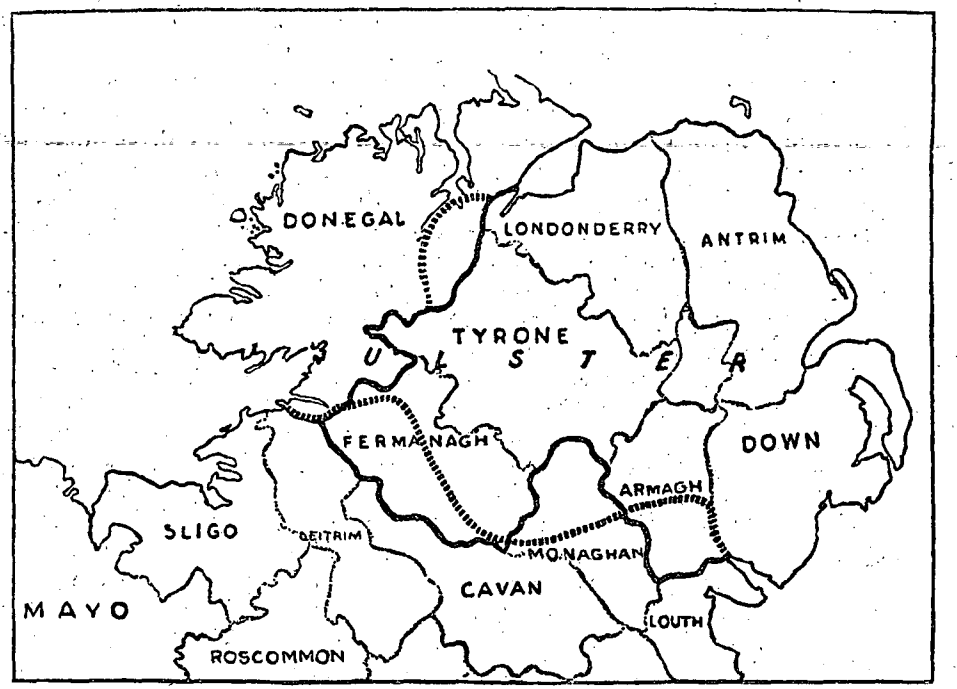
but they are no longer employed in helping to collect his lordship's rents or the parson's tithes. Their time and their energies are fully employed in preventing the emancipated millions from cutting each other's throats and burning each other's cottages.

What, then, is this new Ulster? And what is the Ulster question? A year ago the Government took it in hand. 'Ulster and Southern Ireland are fighting again.' 'Well, if they can't agree when tied together and face to face, let us cut the cords, set them back to back, and bid each go his own way and not bother us any more.' No sooner said than done. A bill was drafted and passed through the Houses in record time. The Government of Ireland Act (it is about the twentieth in my own memory) was placed on the statute-book, and all was well. Then somebody discovered that, like the rest, the Act was n't working at all, and that everything had to be done over again — just as in Turkey, where Greek smites his brother Bulgar, and Bulgar smites Serb, and Serb smites Albanian, and Albanian and Greek smite each other, as if they had never been emancipated.



The black line indicates the present boundaries of North Ireland; the dotted line, the suggested new delimitation.

Pugnacity and fighting in and about Ulster did not begin with the plantation of James I, as some would ignorantly have it. The earliest Irish epic, the 'Tain Bo,' of which fragments have come down to us through the mists of the ages, is all about fighting, and fighting with Ulster. 'It is natural,' says Queen Maev, when her daughter inquires the reason for the war, 'it is natural for us to hate proud Ulster'; and the explanation is accepted as comprehensive and satisfactory, alike in the domestic circle of the Connaught

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Queen and in the rest of Ireland. War was the rule and not the exception; and as in those prehistoric days they had not the truths of Christianity or the glories of the Old House on College Green to fight about, they fought about the 'Tain Bo,' — the brown bull, — which one side had and the other side wanted to have — always a good and sufficient cause for a war in Ireland.

We are told that the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh are now the real difficulty. But even in Ireland people are learning to forget; and it seems pretty certain that both sides will hesitate before precipitating a fight over a rural county that happens to lie to the North or the South of an imaginary line. North and South have got their Parliaments — the real crux lies in the composition and the powers of the National Council, which is to act as the link binding the two together. Last year's Act lays it down that the first duty of the two Parliaments shall be to elect the members of this Council — each Parliament choosing an equal number of members. If it be true, as we now are told, that the Sinn Fein delegates at Downing Street have agreed to work this Council side by side with their Ulster colleagues, it is difficult to see what there is left to quarrel about.

Assuming that Southern Ireland has consented to work the Council along with Ulster, the question remains, how is Ulster to be delimited. Maps are of little assistance, but the outline given here will enable readers to realize how the disputed counties lie with relation to the rest of Ulster. As usual, in the case of over-hasty legislation, the definitions are insufficient and misleading. Ulster has not and never had a definite geographical outline. In Queen Maev's time and for centuries after, Ulster meant Antrim, Down, and the greater part of Louth. When the O'Neills reigned in Tir-Owen, they were engaged in perpetual fighting to the West and to the East, and so Tir-Connal (Donegal) became subject to Tir-Owen, or Tyrone, which included what is now the county of Londonderry. Ulster also (lying to the east of the River Bann) was forcibly conquered and occupied; and by the time the geographers and map-makers came on the scene, they took the Northern counties as a unit and labeled them Ulster — a tract spreading on Speed's map from Drogheda, at the mouth of the Boyne, all round the coast, to Ballyshannon, at the mouth of the Erne. Inland, between those two points, the frontiers of Ulster were a subject of constant dispute and bloodshed.

Most of Cavan, as it is at present outlined, never was in Ulster at all; and long after that, the rebellion and clearances of 1641 still further restricted the limits of what we may now call 'political' Ulster. The drafters of the Act of 1920 were therefore quite right in making large cuts out of the Ulster of the maps, which, in fact, has no meaning and never had — legally, politically, economically, or ecclesiastically. A map showing the real political Ulster would be a thing of shreds and patches, of shades and of percentages. It would be fairly solid so far as Down and Antrim, North Derry and North Armagh are concerned; after that, it would go all to pieces. Even Derry City, owing to industrial prosperity inducing a flow of cheap labor from Donegal, has now a Nationalist majority. Tyrone and Fermanagh, as a whole, have a somewhat narrow Nationalist majority. The figures by religion are 113,755 Catholics to 90,746 Protestants.

To mark off certain counties and to label them 'Northern Ireland' and 'Southern Ireland,' as does the Act of 1920, was therefore a hopelessly bad arrangement, and certain to lead to trouble. Such a delimitation includes

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solid batches of red-hot Nationalists and excludes other batches of equally red-hot Unionists. That means revision sooner or later, and it is better to have the revision now, before the putty has hardened, than later, when it would involve much breaking of glass. A 'plebiscite' perhaps sounds well, but it would be one prolonged faction fight and riot, and would leave matters somewhat worse than they are. A Boundary Commission, with the assistance of the local election agents, parish priests and parsons (sometimes they are the same person), could, so far as Armagh, Monaghan, Fermanagh, and Donegal are concerned, settle the matter in six weeks. Every man's religion and politics are known in Ulster, from the cradle to the grave, and a partition line that would leave about half Armagh out of Ulster and would bring in one third of Monaghan; that would leave out half of Fermanagh and bring in a couple of *enclaves* in Donegal, would result in 'fair and indifferent justice' to all parties.

Tyrone, I admit, is hopeless. The parties are neck and neck, or, as one might say, tooth and nail — something like 80,000 to 70,000; but they are so intermingled and criss-crossed, that an attempt at partition would drive Solomon himself out of his senses. And it lies so in the heart of the Northern territory that elimination in whole or in part would be impossible. The delimitation that I have roughly suggested would transfer perhaps some hundred thousand Nationalists from the Northern to the Southern area, and would replace them by an equal number now included in the South. We should thus have a more 'solid' South and a more 'solid' North confronting one another.

BALAUSTION AND MRS. BROWNING

BY ANDREW MARSHALL

From the *Cornhill Magazine, November*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

MESSRS. GRIFFIN AND MINCHIN, in their 'Life of Browning,' say: 'As the invocation, "O Lyric Love," expressly connects *The Ring and the Book* with his wife's memory, so is her name bound up with this transcript from Euripides, the poet whom she loved and hailed as preëminently human.'

This refers to the passage, written, in Browning's own name, near the end of 'Balaustion's Adventure': —

I know the poetess who graved in gold,
Among her glories that shall never fade,
This style and title for Euripides,
The Human with his droppings of warm tears.

The last line is quoted from Mrs. Browning's 'Wine of Cyprus.'

That is all, I think, that the authors of the 'Life' say on the subject. They do not suggest any closer relation between Browning's 'Balaustion' and his wife; nor, so far as I am aware, do any of the other writers on Browning. If there had been any, it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that Mr. Griffin, or Mr. Minchin, or Mrs. Sutherland Orr, or Dr. Dowden, or Mr. Stopford Brooke, or someone else, would have pointed it out.

Yet is there not more? Is there not

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some suggestion, and even some proof, of a closer relation of the 'Balaustion' poems with his wife's memory than that which they share with *The Ring and the Book*, and indeed with many other poems? In the invocation, 'O Lyric Love,' he says that he may never commence his song without beseeching some help from her; and, in point of fact, almost everything he wrote from the time of their marriage to the end of his life (that is, more than half his poetry) was dedicated or addressed in some way to her.

But in the two 'Adventures of Balaustion' is there not good reason to think that the poet has, in Balaustion herself, consciously and intentionally drawn an idealized portrait of his wife? That he has is suggested by a number of resemblances, no one of which, if it stood alone, would perhaps be decisive. Their cumulative effect, however, seems to me almost irresistible.

1. Balaustion is a woman of great and noble character, of high intellectual qualities, of insight, eloquence, dignity, and poetic genius. . . . Mrs. Browning was of equal genius and of the same noble and generous spirit, and almost as Greek as Balaustion. At six years old she read Homer in the original, holding her book in one hand and her doll in the other.

2. We have a glimpse of Balaustion's childhood to match that of Elizabeth Barrett.

> On the southeastern fringe of
>
> the sprinkled isles,
> Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea
> And laugh their pride when the light wave lisps
> 'Greece,'

lies the island which is named after the rose, Rhodes. In ancient times, before the famous Colossus was built, the island had three towns. One of these was Kameiros; and there, some twenty-three and a half centuries ago, Balaustion was born. We do not know what her father's name was, or her mother's. All we know of her family is that her mother was an Athenian, or at least that she was born beside the Ilissus, a stream which runs through Attica. We do not even know her real name, for the name Balaustion was not given her till she was grown up. The earliest glimpse we have of her is in a story which she told to Aristophanes on the night of her memorable discussion with him. . . .

When we see her again, she is fifteen, and grown up. She sits in Athens one spring evening, —

> Under the grape-vines, by the streamlet's side, —

close to the Temple of Bacchus, with four girl friends, and tells them the story of her 'Adventure': how at Syracuse she had saved the lives and liberty of herself and her fellow passengers in the Rhodian ship by reciting the *Alkestis* of Euripides. Telling the story, she offers to recite the play also. 'There is no word of it,' she says, 'but is grown part of my soul.' As she tells it, she describes the action of the piece as she saw it and understood it. Among her audience at Syracuse was a young man, Euthucles. He came to Athens with her. They were to be married next month.

As soon as the ship reached Athens, Balaustion went to visit Euripides. She held his sacred hand, and laid it to her lips — as one may imagine Mrs. Browning would have done. He was by this time an old man, and out of favor with the fickle Athenians. She told him her great 'Adventure.' He said the story in which Herakles delivers Alkestis from death should not end with the pardon of Admetus. He told her he had written another story of Herakles; and when they parted, he gave it to her, written by his own hand. Then, in Anthesterion month, the Month of Flowers, she was married to her lover, who, like

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Browning, as soon as he knew Miss Barrett, had known his own mind and not taken long to make it up.

When we see Balaustion next, it is six years later. Athens has been besieged and taken, and the Spartan conqueror has ordered that the Long Walls should be thrown down. Balaustion and Euthucles cannot bear to stay and see it done. By chance they find in port the very ship Balaustion had saved at Syracuse, with the same captain. She is bound for Rhodes, and they take passage in her. It is in the cool nights at sea, as they sail the 300 miles over the Ægean to Rhodes, that Balaustion makes her husband write down the story of that night when Aristophanes visited their house, and she refuted his attack on Euripides by reading to him the *Herakles*. . . .

3. Balaustion and Euthucles, her husband, spent the first few years of their married life in a city in which they were both foreigners, and which was preëminently identified with art and literature and beauty. During their residence in it, it was assailed, conquered, and humiliated by a comparatively barbarous neighbor; and after Athens fell under Lysander, they left it for the island of Balaustion's birth.

Observe the parallel. Florence and Italy were to the Brownings what Athens was to Balaustion and her husband. The newly married Mrs. Browning and her husband lived, in happy exile from her native island, in Florence, when Italy fell under Austria, as Balaustion and Euthucles in Athens, when Athens fell under Lysander. The Brownings married and went to Italy in 1846, and remained till 1851. While they were there, Italy was in revolution for three years. In March, 1849, the Austrians entered Florence. Then there was the fall of Brescia, the evacuation of Rome by Garibaldi, the white terror in Rome on July 15, and the surrender of Venice, and the Austrian triumph, in August of the same year. The sympathy of the Brownings for Italy is a matter of history.

> Open my heart [says Browning] and you will see
> Graved inside of it Italy.
> ('De Gustibus' [1855].)
> Athenai, live thou hearted in my heart, cries Balaustion. (*Ar. Ap.* 4.)

Balaustion's lament for Athens might be Mrs. Browning's lament for Italy.

4. Balaustion uses on occasion Mrs. Browning's very words, as in *Balaustion's Adventure* (line 2478), Euripides 'the Human with his droppings of warm tears,' and again in *Aristophanes' Apology* (lines 3902–4) —

> our poet first
> Dared bring the grandeur of the Tragic Two
> Down to the level of our common life,
> Close to the beating of our common heart.

Mrs. Browning had written ('Wine of Cyprus,' 12): —

> Our Euripides . . . with . . .
> . . . his touches of things common.

5. Balaustion is born in the Island of the Rose. That is the birthplace Browning chooses for her. And England, the birthplace of Mrs. Browning, is also the Island of the Rose. The rose is its well-known symbol, and if England is not exactly an island for the geographer, it is so for the poet. For Shakespeare it is 'the island of England,'—

> This precious gem set in a silver sea.

And Tennyson writes of it: —

> Should this old England fall
> Which Nelson left so great.
> His isle, the mightiest Ocean-power on earth,
> Our own fair isle.
> (*The Fleet.*)

6. The word Balaustion means, as we know from Browning himself, wild pomegranate flower. Why did he call this girl so?

Browning's first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett was made in consequence of his reading her poem 'Lady

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Geraldine's Courtship,' in which she compares his poetry to the pomegranate. She says, —

> From Browning some pomegranate which, if cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within blood-tinctured of a veined humanity.

Browning had published several volumes, which had met chiefly rather contemptuous condemnation where they had found any notice at all. Here was, as it were, a kind little hand held out to him; and Browning, who had never seen her, wrote to her then the first letter of their memorable correspondence. Can we think that the long-neglected poet ever forgot or ceased to cherish in his memory the very words in which appreciation first came to him from the gentle poetess? In choosing his name for the Greek girl who is so like her, has not he seemed to please himself by marking their identity thus?

7. We know from many a passage what Browning's wife continued to be to him all his life. The Balaustion poems are written some years after her death. When we recall his invocation to his dead wife in the first part of *The Ring and the Book*, must we not well imagine Mrs. Browning as saying for her part the words of Balaustion, when she makes Proserpine speak of the dead Alkestis as still living on in her husband?

8. If Balaustion, then, is Mrs. Browning, is Euthucles Mr. Browning? In these two poems Euthucles is a subordinate personage and rather in the background. As regards Mr. and Mrs. Browning, most people would now probably reverse the position. But not all, perhaps. And it may be recalled that, when Wordsworth died, the *Athenæum* urged that Mrs. (not Mr.) Browning should be the next Poet Laureate. But it is Browning's view that we must look for in the poems. He thought her his superior. 'You are wrong, quite wrong, about us,' he once said. 'She has genius, I am but a painstaking fellow.' Euthucles is to Balaustion as Browning is to Mrs. Browning — in Browning's sincere estimation.

9. It was not in private, or in ordinary social intercourse, that these husbands and wives met for the first time. It was in her published poetry, that Browning made acquaintance with Miss Barrett; it was in her public recitations from the topmost step of the suburb temple, that Euthucles made acquaintance with Balaustion. We may presume that Balaustion found Euthucles already a lover of Euripides, or he might not have gone to hear her recite the *Alkestis*. But we may believe that, if he was, he became even more so through her companionship. Browning's biographers say that his wife's fondness for Euripides probably impelled him to a thorough study of the poet, and the lines near the end of his introduction to his translation of the *Alkestis*, —

> 'T is the poet speaks:
> But if I, too, should try and speak at times,
> Leading your love to where my love, perchance,
> Climbed earlier, found a nest before you knew, —

spoken by Balaustion, might be Mrs. Browning to her husband.

Browning indeed was a Greek scholar from his youth, but had turned his thoughts to other studies. He published nothing connected with Greek, except the scrap 'Artemis Prologizes,' till after he knew and married Elizabeth Barrett; and Balaustion says that it was after 'all that happened on those temple steps' that Euthucles 'companioned me,' and

> Would marry me and turn Athenian too.

May we not think, then, that Balaustion is a re-creation of Browning's wife, or rather a prototype of her, imagined twenty-three centuries back in Greece, which she loved so much and in which her spirit lived so intensely?

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LANDRU: THE COMIC SIDE OF MURDER

BY EDGARD TROIMAUX

[Atrocious as are the sordid murders for which Landru is being tried, the man is the talk of the hour in Paris; and the humorous side of his brutality does not escape the keen-witted Parisians. No music-hall is complete without at least a song about him and acts which feature 'Landru and his wife-eradicator' are immensely popular. The first article is from L'Écho de Paris, November 7, *a typical French account of the crimes. The second is an unsigned British editorial comment from the* Outlook, November 12. *Landru's own records show that he had corresponded with 283 women; there is no means of knowing how many of these he killed. He has now been condemned to be guillotined.]*

I. THE STORY OF THE CRIMES

At last Landru consents to be tried. It is hard to predict how long the legal battle will be drawn out, but one may be sure that it will be for at least three weeks. It is true that the *dossier* is of prodigious proportions and that nearly a hundred witnesses are to be heard; but if the defense does not find means of delay, if the accused Landru has not still more to say about the charges than he has had hitherto, and, finally, if the witnesses tell nothing but what they have seen, the discussion may be got through more quickly than people think. By the first or second day of the trial the attitude of Landru himself will set our minds at rest.

The Landru trial is a great trial. Everyone knows that. But will it be an interesting trial? That is another question.

As for Landru himself, it would be imprudent to say anything before having seen him on trial; for at his first hearing he often refused to reply, reserving his defense for the jury, but consenting to discuss details even while he insisted on maintaining silence as to the principal charges.

Although the crimes with which he is charged are very numerous, they have all been cut to the same pattern, and the whole list of them therefore grows rather monotonous. This is not so much because Landru is lacking in criminal imagination as because his first crime was so successful that he had no need to change his methods.

This is the scheme he used with his victims — a trap that always worked: by the very simplest means, a newspaper advertisement for example, he opened communication with some woman who wanted to be married. At the first or second meeting, he would propose marriage, and the unknown of yesterday would become the fiancée or even the mistress of to-day. A few days of illicit honeymoon, and then the woman would disappear into the stove at Vernouillet or at Gambais. 'In that valuable implement over there,' Landru said to a witness, 'you can burn anything you wish.' The stove is to be seen at the trial among the other pieces of evidence — an old cook stove almost ready for the junk shop; but Landru knew how to use it. Once his fiancée had disappeared, that is to say, once she had been turned into ashes, the murderer would proceed to take inventory. He would get together all her furniture and, if he had not done it already, he would go through her pockets, not forgetting the smallest coins, nor even little trinkets without any particular value. If he discovered any securities, he would hasten to

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realize on them at the bank, and he would even put aside a few souvenirs such as false hair, false teeth, an old comb, or a skirt. This turns out to have been highly imprudent because these 'souvenirs,' discovered in his garages and recognized by the relatives and friends of his victims, have become formidable witnesses against him.

He was guilty of one other imprudence, still more serious. Landru is an orderly man, keeping account of everything that he does, receives, or spends. Ah, this mania for notebooks! We have just seen the poisoner Girard betrayed by a notebook which served to condemn his four accomplices, and we may remember that of d'Arton, which was responsible for so much havoc in the ranks of the Panama politicians.

No matter with how much certainty the prosecutor pretends to have reconstructed each crime of which Landru is accused, there remains, notwithstanding, a troublesome gap in the evidence. It is known how he snared the birds. That was not very hard. It is known how he caged them for a few days near him. That was easy enough. But what did he do with the bodies?

It is easy enough to reply that he burned them — that is very probable — but what infernal cleverness had he developed in the art of incineration? There is no crematory, no matter how perfect, which can reduce a human body to an impalpable bit of cinder. Certain bones resist the very highest temperatures; and then there are fats in the body which can never be completely destroyed, as the experts declared in the trial of that frightful creature, Euphrasie Mercier, who burned the body of an old woman, Elodie Ménétrez, upon her own hearth. Body fats left their mark on the parquet in front of the fireplace for several years after the crime was committed. The experts testified that the bricks were still impregnated and they made one other statement: The soot of the chimney was analyzed and it was discovered that 'it consisted of matter similar to that which chimneys would contain where a good deal of meat had been cooked, that of a restaurant for example.' Now this chimney was the one leading from the bed-chamber of Mlle. Ménétrez where not even the smallest cutlet had ever been cooked, and this was one of the principal evidences of the crime. The body was not more than half burned. The remainder was dug up in the garden in the middle of a flower bed where dahlias had been blooming above the ashes for three years. Have the experts been set to hunting for traces of fat in the country houses where Landru lived and in the pipe of the stove?

The first woman to disappear, Mme. Cuchet, met Landru in 1914, and in February of that year she told her step-brother, M. Friedman, and his employer that she was going to marry a man named Diard, whom she adored, and who was nobody else than Landru himself. In April she followed Landru to Chausée, where he was living in a simple room with a garage — for Landru always had an automobile. It is even probable that the prospect of being able to make trips in it helped him in luring on his victims. She stayed there until August, receiving frequent visits from her son, André, who was working at Paris. Then war was declared and Landru disappeared with the balance of a deposit of 5000 francs which he had at a branch of the Société Générale. But he was forgiven in advance, for Mme. Cuchet loved him, and when he came back to her, — he knew that she had a little property, — she went with him willingly, taking all her furniture to a villa which she leased at Vernouillet. There, in December, 1914, they took up their life

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together — but not for a very long time.

The son of Landru's fiancée, André Cuchet, was just about to go to war with his class, at the beginning of 1915. It was natural that he should go to Vernouillet to spend his last days of liberty with his mother and his future step-father. On January 27 he wrote to his family that he was glad to be going to the front. That was the end. Nobody ever heard anything more of either the mother or the son. Their family does not appear to have been especially disturbed about it. No doubt, they thought, the son, André, must have gone to the army; and so far as Mme. Cuchet herself was concerned, Landru doubtless would say to the relatives that she had left him. Silence settled over the affair.

On May 27, he went to visit Mme. Laborde-Line a woman of forty-seven, who lived at No. 47 Rue de Patay. A few days later, they became engaged. His new conquest announced her approaching marriage to her friends and acquaintances. Like the previous victim, she too was a widow, and she seemed overjoyed. She consented to to go live at the villa Vernouillet and the people who lived there used to see her in the garden. She seemed to be at home there, but after June 28, she disappeared. She had 'gone to Paris'; and that very same day Landru gathered up her belongings and put them in a store-room. On July 13 he turned into cash what securities she possessed and that was the end. Nobody, not even her son, took the trouble to hunt for Mme. Laborde-Line, for Landru, just like the poisoner Girard, inspired confidence in everyone who approached him.

On the 15th of July, two days later, it was the turn of a third widow, Mme. Guillin, fifty-one years old, who had recently received a legacy of 22,000 francs. A betrothal, a marriage, a trip to Vernouillet — August 22 Landru disposes of Mme. Guillin's jewels as well as a bond, and sells her furniture. For M. Landru is a man who wastes no time.

Who was troubled about this new disappearance? Nobody except Mme. Guillin's concierge, to whom Landru replied with an air of detachment: 'She 's gone.' To prevent any trouble, he took away the furniture, paid some back rent — with her money — and bade farewell to his apartment. Another!

And now it was the turn of Mme. Héon, for whom Landru set up his crematory in a new villa at Gambais. On September 30, an engagement. From that date to December 8, the couple lived in a hotel on the Rue de Budapest. December 8, a trip to Gambais. Landru bought two tickets, a return ticket for himself, a single-trip ticket for her; for he is an economical man, this Landru. It was the last trip that his fourth fiancée, Berthe Héon, ever made; but nobody noticed her disappearance any more than those of the others. The deaths were occurring quickly but Landru, notwithstanding, wanted to speed them up.

A lady named Collomb, stenographer at Paris, left her lover to become Landru's fiancée. Not immediately, but in 1916, soon after the disappearance of Mme. Héon, he had taken the name of Fremyet, and posed as an engineer at Montmorancy. Invited to go with Fremyet, Mlle. Collomb took along her sister, Mme. Pollet, who spent a delightful day with the two lovers. The table was covered with flowers through the thoughtfulness of Landru. Mme. Pollet formed the very best opinion of her step-brother and was delighted with the fine marriage that was to be celebrated in May. A man with an automobile! But under the

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date of December 27 you see in Landru's notebook certain figures which lead you to believe that on that day there was no idea either of marriage or betrothal, but that Landru had received 5067 francs 95 centimes — the exact sum that Mme. Collomb had drawn from the Comptoir d'Escompte. This money pocketed, the gallant fiancé had taken the poor woman away with him — a single-trip ticket and a return ticket — and the next day he killed her and burned her. This was one of the most successful of Landru's 'affairs.'

It appears that the next woman, Mlle. Babelay, a young chambermaid of nineteen, did not bring Landru any money. At that age, one is n't very rich, usually, even when one works for a fortune-teller. Like all the others, Mlle. Babelay fell in love with Landru instantly, followed him to Gambais on the 29th of March, 1917, and on the 12th of April you read in the notebook: 'Four o'clock.' That means that on that day, at that hour, Mlle. Babelay shared the usual fate of Landru's fiancées. The honeymoon before the marriage had lasted a fortnight.

The widow Buisson seems to have adored the man who was to be her assassin. She went into ecstasies over him. 'My place in life is low enough,' she wrote to him. 'I love my son well, but I love you more.' In another letter she apologized for having only 13,000 francs in savings; but for Landru that was a windfall.

This affair dragged out over two years and Landru was hard put to it. Is it because she thought herself disdained or likely to lose her beloved that she was so slow in turning over her little savings to his use? At length, in August, 1917, she drew her money from the Crédit Lyonnais and entrusted it to Landru, telling him to invest it as he wished, and she went to live at Gambais where her sister, Mme. Lacoste visited her. Landru and the two women went to Paris on August 17, and two days later, Landru brought Mme. Buisson back. That was the end. Nobody ever saw her again.

No one knows exactly how he killed her, but according to the notebook, her murder must have taken place at quarter past ten in the morning of the first of September, and that very day her assassin started for Paris to court another fiancée, Mlle. Segret, while he was selling the wardrobe of Mme. Buisson.

Landru never lost any time, but he spared Mlle. Segret. Why? Was it because she had no money and he did not want to 'draw a blank' again, as he had with Mlle. Babelay? Or, as has been suggested, did he really fall in love with Mlle. Segret? That would be the most extraordinary thing in the whole catalogue of crimes so coldly and pitilessly carried out. Whatever the truth may be, Mlle. Segret is still alive and is to publish her memoirs; but she must have goose flesh sometimes when she thinks of the danger that she incurred.

Even while he was getting ready to murder Mme. Buisson, and while he was courting Mlle. Segret, Landru was carrying on two other intrigues, one with Mme. Jaume, and the other with Mme. Pascal. The murder of Mme. Jaume is perhaps the most original of them all. Married, but separated from her husband, Mme. Jaume was never willing to get a divorce, for her deep religious feeling forbade it. Landru was able to do away with this objection. On the fifth of October, 1917, Mme. Jaume left the workshop where she was employed, telling her comrades that she was soon to be divorced and that she would be married as soon as possible afterward. Landru went to mass with her, knelt beside her, and

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pretended to mingle his prayers with hers. Whereupon Mme. Jaume, highly edified and completely conquered, agreed to everything. Landru did the honors. Gambais, a few days later. A single-trip ticket, as usual, for her, and a return ticket for him — and he jotted down in his notebook under the date of October 26, 'three o'clock.' That was the epitaph of Mme. Jaume. Then, still in the notebook: 'Lyanes business. 827 francs,' and then, '274 francs' — found in the pockets of the victim. Mme. Jaume lived in the Rue des Lyanes, and that very evening he went back to Paris, entered her home, broke in the money-box, and sold 1500 francs' worth of property.

Had he any idea at that time that his game might become dangerous? Was he afraid that someone might in the end be disturbed over the disappearance of his last victim? At any rate, he spread the report among Mme. Jaume's acquaintances that she had gone to America, and nobody asked him how or why. This devil of a man understood to the very bottom the art of lying and getting himself believed. Will he still have it when he is before the jury? Perhaps that will be more difficult.

'Young in appearance, dressmaker and milliner' — such is the characterization that Landru gives to Mme. Pascal. A merry business! Mme. Pascal managed a dressmaker's shop. She met Landru there while he was amusing himself by playing the gallant for the benefit of *midinettes* who were quite overwhelmed with bonbons. Engagement, promise of marriage, trip to Gambais on April 5, 1917 with the fatal one-way ticket, and then, on the same day, the inscription in the notebook: 'five-fifteen P.M.' Mme. Pascal's life was over.

Five days later her belongings had been liquidated — all the more easily because, at Landru's suggestion, she had already sold the shop. This liquidation is the most picturesque of them all. It would have been easy enough to sell furniture alone, but he turned everything into money: 'umbrella 5 francs, false teeth 15 francs,' and he jots down in his notebook balance of account: 'Pascal incidentals, 6 francs 25 centimes.' This was the money found in the purse of the victim, to whom he literally left nothing but the hair on her head before he burned her up. But the widow Pascal had brought something which was of no value to Landru: her cat, of which she was especially fond. Landru killed it and buried it in the garden where its skeleton was recovered.

The tenth and last, Mme. Marchadier was still more indiscreet. She arrived at Gambais with three dogs; but Landru did not spare them. They were buried beside Mme. Pascal's cat, and on the 13th of January, Mme. Marchadier disappeared forever.

Landru turned up in Paris the next day. He had acquired an expert mastery over the art of killing his victims and making away with their bodies, and he was no less expeditious as a business man. In order to go with him and marry him, Mme. Marchadier had sold a furnished apartment which she had at No. 330 Rue Saint-Jacques, together with part of her furniture. Landru got hold of the product of these sales. And it was time! On the very day of the crime, he was compelled to borrow twelve francs from the shoemaker at Gambais, but on the fifteenth he paid 950 francs of debts.

Such is the long series of crimes for which Landru will have to stand trial before the court of assizes at Versailles. This trial, as has been said, inspires reflection, but it would have been better to write 'surprise.' How is it that all these disappearances did not cause

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any feeling in the locality where they took place? No one of these ten women lived alone. They all announced their approaching marriages to a rich engineer who had an automobile and a country house. People congratulated and envied them. Then they disappeared suddenly and nobody ever thought of them again.

'She is happy' people must have said about every one of them. Who knows whether people do not still talk about these women, and express surprise at their forgetfulness and their ingratitude toward former friends. Landru could keep on for he never let a breath of suspicion escape where he went.

But the pitcher goes too often to the well.

Among the women who disappeared, we have mentioned Mme. Buisson, and we have said that while she was at Gambais, she entertained her sister, Mme. Lacoste, in the month of August, 1917. When Mme. Lacoste did not hear of the marriage of Mme. Buisson and M. Fremyet — the name which Landru had assumed in order to make love to her sister — she felt some anxiety, which she confided to the *procureur* of the Republic. She had heard, moreover, about another fiancée of Landru, Mme. Collomb, who had disappeared under identical conditions. She devoted herself to unceasing investigation.

After that the inquiry began. A lucky chance brought it speedily to a successful conclusion. Mme. Lacoste had addressed her complaint to the *procureur* in February, 1919. In April a friend of Mme. Buisson found herself face to face with the pretended engineer, Fremyet. Working on the information which she furnished, the police arrested him at his home, No. 76 Rue de Rochechouart, where he was known by the name of Guillet. His identity was quickly established and from engineer he descended in the social scale to a mere fugitive from justice, six times condemned for swindling, and banished from France. Why had he not been sent to Guiana? How had he been able to live quietly at Paris, Vernouillet, and Gambais, never even concealing himself, although he was at least eligible for military duty during the war? So many mysteries the more, added to the disappearance of his fiancées, which, perhaps, will be brought to light by justice. . . .

Since the time of Troppmann, no such series of crimes has been heard of, and no misdeeds so cruel and methodical have been brought to trial; and yet Landru has become a kind of comic personage. Comic songs are sung about him. He is represented on the stage, and for all I know some impresario has already asked for first rights on a possible American tour if he should in the future be acquitted.

II. THE COMIC ELEMENT

A DULL, middle-aged, repulsive-looking, bald-headed, Assyrian-bearded man, who is believed to have killed ten women and to have deceived and swindled two hundred and seventy-three, surely offers a sufficiently curious study of the less engaging side of human nature. But the real puzzle of the Landru case is less the mentality of the criminal than the character of the popular interest taken in his deeds.

People like Landru may occur anywhere; we have just had an example at home of a monster still in his teens who, in favoring circumstances, might well have eclipsed the Frenchman's atrocious record. But we doubt whether any other country could afford any-

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thing so singular, and superficially so horrible, as the cynical relish shown in France over this grim affair. The case of Harold Jones, just quoted, may serve as an illustration of the point. Morbid people gloated, no doubt, over every detail of the boy's crimes; they discussed the matter, theorized over it, moralized over it, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly over it. Certain ghoulish editors carried their enthusiasm for a 'story' to quite indefensible lengths. But what should we have thought if the murders had immediately been made the subject of comic sketches at the music-halls, and if this ghastly form of entertainment had never failed to evoke uproarious laughter from apparently decent people?

That is exactly what has been going on in France. Landru's wooings and killings, Landru's wife-destructor furnace, everything concerning Landru and his victims, treated in a spirit that seems to an Englishman devilish rather than brutal, have been for months the main stock-in-trade of the popular places of entertainment in Paris. The revues are full of Landru hits; Landru is the hero of countless sketches and comic cinema films; a visitor to Paris, compelled to fill up a day or two in going from one little theatre to another, would come to the conclusion that there was no choice for an *entrepreneur* but Landru or bankruptcy. This interest has nothing in common with that which carries a middle-class English reader through column after column of a sensational murder trial. It is not a morbid interest in the fate of Landru, or a shuddering curiosity concerning his victims. Landru is a joke. The murdered women are a joke. The whole atmosphere is that of cynical levity.

What is the explanation? The French are not an unfeeling people. They are an extremely civilized people. They are, in some matters, a rather specially sentimental people. Yet undoubtedly they are extraordinarily prone to a kind of jesting — it is much older than Rabelais — that often makes the rest of the world shudder. And this jesting, though not confined to questions of sex, is very commonly concerned with them. It is the converse of that exaggerated glorification of sex which also marks French literature. One might almost say the necessary converse, since the cynicism and the obscenity would have little point if the worship and consideration were not there. It may be suggested that one element of the Landru joke is the satire it constitutes on the rigid propriety of French bourgeois life. Marriage in the ordinary way in France is a most serious undertaking, hedged round with all sorts of formalities and precautions in the interest of both parties. But the ease with which Landru could entice women within his net was only equaled by the ease with which he could dispose of them afterwards. Marriage in France is also largely a matter of money arrangement, and no doubt one considerable point of the Landru jest is that many French husbands would much rather have the dot without the wife than the wife without the dot.

But these things are only incidental. Probably the true key to the puzzle is that passion for seeing things as they are — or as they appear to strictly rationalistic investigation — which is an abiding French characteristic. It is a characteristic which enables a Frenchman, while being idolatrously fond of, and even submissive to, a particular woman, to free himself of all sentiment concerning the sex as a sex. So far as concerns such immunity from illusion the Frenchman is as near a sexless being as any man can well be. He is perfectly ready to see Helen's beauty in a

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brow of Egypt, but for him there is only one brow at one time: he does not, like so many Englishmen and Americans, render a vaguely sentimental homage to all women.

Let us apply this to the Landru affair. An Englishman is consumed with disgust for the monster, not because he has killed human beings, but because he has killed women; if men had been killed the disgust would have been different in kind as well as in degree, and might conceivably be a matter of joke, like the mutton pies of Sweeney Tod, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street. The disgust felt for Landru is intrinsically a disgust for somebody barbarous enough to destroy possibly 'good' and even charming creatures, and to turn to his profit the most sacred impulses of womanhood. The woman is sentimentally envisaged as giving her all for loving, and getting a cruel death for her reward. There is pity for a broken toy, for a woman who might have been some decent man's wife.

But imagine the converse case. Imagine a female Landru who entices a number of rather characterless, sensual, and self-seeking men, using the bait, not only of her personal attractions, whatever they may be, but of a supposed comfortable fortune. Imagine it proved that in each case the man is murdered, and that the female monster, on whom he proposed to live, lives herself on his spoils until the next victim is secured. Assuredly our Englishman would feel horror for the murderess, but he would have no great sympathy for the murdered, and he might not be specially revolted if the matter were made the subject of broadly humorous treatment.

Probably most women, seeing their sex without emotional bias, have something of this feeling for Landru's victims; the man is detestable and contemptible, but are the women fit subjects for much sentiment? It is not safe to dogmatize, but we imagine that, if a normal English husband and a normal English wife saw the most brutal of the French dramatic jests on Landru and his 'wife-destructor,' the husband would be (actual obscenity apart) the more disgusted. The wife might think the business stupid, or in very bad taste. It is doubtful whether she would regard it as an outrage on humanity, much less as an insult to her own sex.

If this is true, we have in the Frenchman's comparative freedom from general sex emotionalism the explanation of this new illustration of a very singular mood, which may well seem to us shockingly callous. It is true that the sympathy of French juries for the heroines of crimes of passion is superficially inconsistent with this view. But has that sympathy its real roots in sex? Is it not rather the expression of a lingering belief in the superiority of private to public justice — a belief which makes the duel still a more respected institution than the action for damages?

It is at any rate certain that the brutality of so much French humor — the Landru kind of joke is only one illustration of it — is due to the hardness of the French head, and not of the French heart. A country where children are worshiped, as in France, is certainly not deficient in human feeling.

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THE SNAKE-CHARMER'S DAUGHTER

BY MIRIEM KHUNDKAR

From the *Calcutta Review, October*
(INDIAN QUARTERLY)

ON the banks of a river whose waters run, sluggish and muddy, twenty miles from the nearest town, — twenty miles from anywhere, — a collection of mud huts stood huddled together. The huts were not a bit nice — that is to say, they were not of the newest nor driest. Neither did their inhabitants look any too prosperous. The largest of the huts was rented by old Chunee Lal and his brother, who scraped new skins. It was not pleasant work, but steady. In the smallest hut lived Hera and her old grandfather, the snake-charmer.

A snake-charmer's earnings are more than a little precarious, and the two often went hungry. Hera could handle the snakes quite as well as old Ram, and so accompanied him from village to village. One other went with them, curled up in the waist-cloth Hera tucked tightly around her — and that was Bela. Flat-headed, with small glittering eyes, Bela measured the unprofessional length of six inches, and, as Ram pointed out, was quite useless in the matter of impressing an audience. He had been exactly three inches when Hera found him curled on a stone, asleep in the sun. And from the moment he curled as contentedly around her finger, she claimed him hers. He was the only plaything, moreover, that she possessed; for fifteen is the age of womanhood in the East, and Ram had already heard whispers of marriage from two directions.

But Hera remained oblivious to both of the two suitors: Rai Dass, whom she regarded with tolerant amusement, — for was he not as old, if not older than, Ram himself? — and Khaitan, whom all feared for his strength, and who was never sober. But Khaitan had money, and to Ram, who remembered only a life of struggling starvation, money was as a god. So he favored Khaitan's suit and chid the girl for avoiding one who could so easily provide all the comforts of life.

Hera's thoughts, however, centred elsewhere — elsewhere, to where the river broadened widely and a fisherman cast his nets at dawn of each day. He was a light-hearted fisherman, too, who sang at his work and lived in a hut perched high on the banks of the river. One never-to-be-forgotten day the waters had swirled a struggling object past the bamboo raft which supported him and his nets. So Bhim saved a life and formed a friendship which grew deeper with the passing months. While in Hera's eyes the two-roomed hut sheltered the bravest man she had ever known — for had he not rescued her at the risk of his own life?

When the yellow marigold flowers bloomed in their profusion around the little stone temple, Ram received Bhim's offers of marriage — with indifference. Bhim was but a fisherman. So the weeks passed uneventfully, except that the weather grew ever more sultry than was its wont. There were whispers of rainless days to come. For days the sun blazed in an unclouded sky. When the drought fell, those who could had long made their preparations for what was to happen. In the hut of Chunee

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Lal, the three-inch wick floating in its small oil-filled reservoir burned all night, while the two brothers scraped the last skins clean; for money was needed to buy grain before it rose in price beyond the reach of all. Gafoor, who owned sundry small plots of land, had already collected and sold the miserable little white *brinjals* which he knew full well would never grow to a purple largeness. The crop of small brown potatoes was hastily dug and sold, too.

All worked except Ram. *He* sold the few remaining silver ornaments he still possessed and bought his grain of the very coarsest. Yet was the quantity small for two. From village to village Ram tramped, playing the weird high notes of the serpent-dance. But none were there to listen, and the coppers remained girded around the lean brown bodies. Even the women labored in the fields while children worked industriously mixing and piling up the dung-cakes for future firing. A wood fire would soon be a luxury unobtainable.

After three weeks of blazing heat the last green thing disappeared. For three weeks longer Ram's store of food held out. When, a week later, the river shrank to a rivulet, Bhim hung up his nets and left for the nearest town. Ram might have gone too had it not grown too late; for of the serpents two were dead and two escaped — he half suspected Hera had in mercy let them go to seek their food how they could, but he said naught. The girl had already started roaming, in company with the other village children, the strips of jungle-land, in the hope of finding the wild guava, banana, or jack-fruit which might by luck be growing there. With her went the cherished Bela, hid in the folds of her bodice, invisible except for eyes and wicked flat head. Once a day Hera provided him a meal of some sort; and she, who would take naught from others for herself, milked the goats when none were near, that he might have a draught of his favorite drink.

It was when Hera found the first dead paddy-bird lying with its claws upturned to the sky, when she and Ram had starved for two nights and a day, that Khaitan urged his desire of a speedy marriage. Perchance he had waited for this very time. Perchance he knew the girl hated him — him whom all the village hated. Anyway, Ram said naught, but Hera, watching the old grandfather, wept and agreed. Bhim was away, none knew where; and those who went from the village seldom returned. So preparations for the marriage feast were set in motion, and Khaitan's loud blustering voice could be heard daily issuing from Ram's hovel. More than once already had Khaitan laid rough hands on the village children; but none dared say a word, for was he not landlord and owner of the holes they lived in? His manner toward the girl changed, too, and he grew ever more rough and bullying as the days passed. Once did he even tear from her grasp the playmate Bela and fling him on the ground, vowing he should die — which he would have done, had not Hera's quick fingers effected a timely rescue. But ever after Bela's eyes shot points of fire and his hiss was sharply perceptible whenever Khaitan's loud voice sounded in the near vicinity. Ram laughed at the tiny thing's rage. 'Lo! he is too small to have poison in him,' he would declare.

Two days before the wedding Khatan worked himself into a tipsy fury. At the door of the date-leaf hut wherein the toddy-sellers resided, he sang songs and uttered oaths which caused the older women of the village to shake their heads and regard the young bride-to-be with compassion. It was well for Ram that the river ran a rivulet, and the deepest tank for miles around looked a puddle; else Hera might have stilled

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her fears and shudders in the waters which were not. But no tragedy happened, and the wedding took place at the end of the second day. Throughout the night the bridegroom, hopelessly intoxicated, snored the hours away, while Hera, dry-eyed, sat huddled in a corner, awaiting the dawning day and whatever it might bring forth.

The first rays of the rising sun brought with it gladness and grief. It was Bhim's voice, calling her name, which roused her from her state of stupefied misery. Out in the sunlight she listened to his tale; away beyond, in the big town, there was good work waiting, and he had returned, — alas, too late, — to take her back there with him. Just how too late he was, Khaitan (now brought to consciousness by the babble of tongues) told him with curses and threats. Hera would return to town, or anywhere, with *him* in the future.

The sight of Bhim may perchance have infuriated Khaitan, for, rushing into the hut, he vowed the girl should return to his home immediately. 'For thy rags and tatters are ready enough,' he shouted, flinging out the miserable little bundles which lay heaped in a corner. An earthen vessel still containing a small quantity of the night's toddy caught his eye. Raising it to his lips, he drained it dry.

Ram raised his voice in faint protest that the girl be not borne away so rudely, but was thrust aside with a foul word. At her husband's rough command, Hera, terrified, lifted her possessions one by one; but as she did so, the sound of a sharp hiss fell on the ears of Khaitan. It was Bela. A look of redoubled fury leaped into the man's eyes. With a savage growl, before the horrified villagers, Khaitan's hand shot forth to the red bodice where Bela lay curled. There was a sound of tearing and a cry from the girl. Bhim raised a brawny fist — but stopped short. Six inches of enraged swaying muscle and sinew had reared itself on Hera's neck. The small eyes glittered evil and the wicked flat head stiffened and struck — once, twice, three times. There was a gasp from the collected group: this was better than a snake-dance. Khaitan's hand, with three red dots, sank to his side nerveless. Twenty minutes later his nerveless body slid to the ground in a heap. Twenty more, and Razak, the head-man of the village who had seen many die, covered the face of what an hour ago had been Khaitan.

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FRANCE'S DUTY TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE

BY ALPHONSE AULARD

[*Professor Alphonse Aulard is one of the most distinguished French historians. He laments the reactionary policy pursued by the French Government toward the German people, but looks forward to an early change.*]

From *Looking Forward, November*
(MONTHLY REVIEW OF WORLD-MOVEMENTS)

ONE of the obstacles thrown in the way of a real peace, the peace for which we went to war, has been the awkward attitude that France has maintained since the Armistice toward the German Democracy.

France should have made it her business to educate the German people, and to lead them with a firm hand in the way of liberty and peace; it was her right, her duty, and her interest, and not only her interest, but that of Germany, of Europe, of the world.

The German people expected to be politically guided by us, and were resigned to the idea. They had need of us, having been leaderless since the collapse of the Imperial régime. Also they were too uneducated in politics to succeed, unhelped and unadvised, in converting themselves into a true republic.

It is no easy task to discuss in a few words what might have been, and ought to have been, our conduct toward the German people. But it is possible to outline what the genius of France could have, and ought to have, accomplished.

As a first lesson in facts, our first duty in 1918 was to force the German people to realize that it had been conquered in the military sense. Not in order to humiliate and embitter it, but to make it see that the Imperial régime was utterly fallen, and to what the renunciation of liberty leads. The German people has never had this salutary lesson in facts.

The German army reëntered Germany with its arms, and even, despite the Armistice, with all the honors of war. Triumphal arches were erected for them. The few who raised the Red Flag, insulted their officers, and even started soviets, were submerged by this brilliant return from the field in an atmosphere of Imperial patriotism and Prussian discipline.

It is obvious now that the disarmament of the German army should have been a condition of the Armistice. If the troops had returned home without arms, the crowd would have realized that they had been defeated. No triumphal arches would have been raised, and no welcome would have been given to Hindenburg and Ludendorff. The public realization of the Imperial defeat would have made easy the task of those few courageous Germans, who tried to introduce Democracy into Germany, and who have been hindered by the glamor of the army and its commanders and by the glory of the past.

By reading the memoirs of Ludendorff and Erzberger you note how the disarmament of the army was agreed to without opposition at the Armistice. Ludendorff explains that the collapse was complete; while Erzberger, the

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chief of the German plenipotentiaries, writes that his instructions were to sign, whatever the terms, and that unconditional surrender was the decision of the high military command.

Did General Foch know to what extent he was master of the situation, and that he might have obtained all that he demanded? It is probable that he thought so, but was not quite sure. He may have judged it best to avoid the further shedding of French blood which such a demand might have caused. Possibly this humane consideration may have induced him to accept an armistice at that point, and to abstain from the invasion of Germany, which would have taught the Germans an even more effectual lesson than the disarming of their army of invasion. If it was humanity that induced this professional soldier to renounce the laurels of complete victory, and to follow the example of General Moreau, who after Hohenlinden spared many French lives by not pushing on to occupy Vienna, then no true Republican will blame General Foch.

But it is to be feared that motives of chivalry rather than humanity prompted this decision. It is said that General Foch recoiled from the idea of disarming men who had fought no less bravely than the French, though for a wicked cause. There exists a military sense of honor, which ignores country, and for which bravery is bravery, whether the cause be good or bad. The general may have held that he would be failing in this sense, if he disarmed the German soldiers.

'Only cowards must give up their arms.' This antiquated conception, dating from the age of chivalry, may have been a mark of progress in humanity in those fierce times. Nowadays, it is a retrogression and a barbarity, which appeals only to archæologists and poets. It is, in fact, the idea that war is a fine thing in itself, and that duty consists not so much in being right as in being brave. As a matter of fact, it was against this very conception of military honor that the French soldiers fought. By not insisting on disarmament, an ideal was missed more glorious than that of chivalry, namely, that of Peace, on Earth. And, above all, the German Imperialists were spared that hard and needful lesson which would have deprived them of their fatal prestige in the eyes of the German people, and would have helped to induce this people to accept Democracy.

Since the Armistice and the Peace the birth of German Democracy has been hindered by the Allied Powers' lack of persistence in enforcing disarmament, as if it were in the back of their minds that the German soldiers might, sooner or later, be useful in preserving Conservative Europe against Bolshevism. If disarmament had been carried out at once, under Allied pressure, the German Revolution might have had its hands freed, and there might have been at Berlin to-day a government of the Left, no more estimable, perhaps, than the loyal Cabinet of Wirth, but stronger and less exposed to the danger of opposition from the Right.

But let us leave this question of disarmament, which is by now a matter of history. It was merely an indirect method of assisting German Democracy. There were, however, more direct means of bringing about the same end.

During my long life I have seen too many useless posters and proclamations on walls, to have any great confidence in this form of political expression. Nevertheless, I am convinced that a proclamation from the French people to the German people, published directly after the Armistice or, at latest, directly after the Peace, would have been useful and opportune. It would have revealed to the German people,

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ignorant and obedient as it was, its general complicity in the crimes of the Government. A few striking sentences would have shown how its habit of abasement before authority, before the chiefs of the army, had plunged it into an abyss, from which it would never arise until reparation had been made.

If reparation were loyally made, Germany would not be eternally humiliated, but would have a spacious future opened to her through the Peace. If Germany would boldly accept Democracy, break with the Imperial past, repudiate the old régime, and devote herself, heart and soul, to the industries of peace (having been too long exploited by the Hohenzollerns in the industries of war), France would help her generously to regain the place in the family of nations which the great qualities of a laborious nation merit. Moreover, Germany should have been told that France was determined and fully prepared to help her to bring herself up to date by means of republican and democratic institutions, and that the work of recovery would be made all the easier if the parties of the Left were predominant in her Government.

I am convinced that a proclamation of this kind would have been heartily welcomed by the German people, which at that time had no hatred against France and leaned toward her, while it detested Great Britain, whose blockade had worked such evil to Germany. It would have been an act of intelligent generosity on the part of the French, who had suffered so deeply from the German invasion.

The silence of France gave the English and Lloyd George their opportunity of making friends with the Germans at our expense, and of playing the part of advisers to this beaten nation in its own country, a part which we foolishly rejected. The result is that the Germans in Upper Silesia cry, 'Up with England!' and 'Down with France!' And yet it was England who deprived Germany of her colonies and fleet, while France has merely taken back Alsace-Lorraine. The English took advantage of our silence to persuade the German people that France was a Shylock, demanding his pound of flesh, although we have not as yet seen a single centime of the indemnity which is due to us.

France's natural course, a course suggested by her peculiar genius and her history, should have been to support those few open-minded Germans who hoped to democratize their country on modern lines. And first and foremost, we should have honored the little band of Germans who raised their voices against war, while the war was still going on—Förster, Fernau, Nicolai. These were heroes. In the flood of chauvinism, when successes were coming apace, and Berlin was rejoicing; when the final victory of the Central Empires seemed certain, these men had the courage to cry aloud, at the peril of their lives, concerning right, justice, and truth; to speak as citizens of the world and not merely as Germans. I had the opportunity in the middle of the war of rendering justice in a great Paris journal to Herr Förster, a professor at Munich University; and while lecturing at the Sorbonne, I lauded my enemy colleague for his citizenship of humanity. But I spoke alone.

I hoped that, once Peace was signed, some public manifestation of gratitude might be organized in honor of the few just men, who had bravely remained in the camp of the unjust, but had refused to be led astray by the famous sophism that, when one's country is in danger, it must never be said to be in the wrong.

Alas! nothing was done in France to honor these heroes. Perhaps professional patriotism in France sincerely condemned them, just as it would have

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condemned any Frenchman who should have, in Napoleon's time, protested against the detestable Spanish expedition. Or, rather, people were indifferent, or perhaps afraid of being called 'Pro-German' by fools.

No honor has been paid to those Germans who, with Imperialism raging around them, had the courage to declare that their Government was guilty of a crime in waging this war. We ought to have shown that we knew how to distinguish the just from the unjust, the free men from the slaves, and that all Germans were not included in the same condemnation. The honor paid to this little band of heroes would have encouraged the rest of those who, being undeceived by events, were ready to reconsider their opinions, and who, whether they were Socialists or merely Democrats, desired to repudiate Kaiserism and the old régime and to be the founders of a new order. But, alas! we discouraged them.

The noble and intelligent Kurt Eisner counted on French aid in his attempt to set up a Socialist and Democratic government in Bavaria. He understood that many Frenchmen held that the union of Germany under Prussia endangered the peace of the world. He desired to establish at Munich a state of things as different as possible from the old Prussian feudal system, and imagined that the French Conservatives would join with the Republicans in supporting him. He thought the best course would be to come to a direct personal understanding with Clemenceau, the head of the French Administration. He requested a personal interview, first unofficially through an Alsatian Socialist, and afterwards officially through Professor Förster, a member of his Government. Clemenceau, however, thought fit to make no reply to this overture. If France, whose interests pointed clearly in that direction, had supported him, Kurt Eisner might probably have triumphed over the Conservatives in Bavaria. France deserted him, and he was defeated, nay, murdered by the reactionaries, who, in these days, murder not only Socialists, but also simple Liberals, such as Erzberger.

So far, the French Government has shown a like disdain for Republicanism throughout Germany, and therefore is proved to be sympathetic with the Imperialist party. Our Conservative journals indulge in plenty of abuse of this party, but all the same have a secret admiration for it.

The Imperialist party in Germany commits many extravagances, but has a great influence, and, whether by our fault or not, has undeniably become a real danger to us. The French press may well take note of the activities of these Imperialist Pan-Germans. They have already attempted and failed in a *coup d'état*. They are preparing for another, and may possibly be successful. It is our duty to watch and expose them. Better to have destroyed them entirely by supporting true Democracy in Germany!

But our nationalist journals only speak of the ruin of Germany, never of German Democracy; always of her past, never of her future. They imply that all Germany is full of warlike sentiments, and that peace-loving Germans do not exist. Even in the papers favoring the Left, there is scarcely a mention of the men of good-will in Germany; for the news-agencies never report the activities of those among our ex-enemies who are staunch anti-Imperialists, or even mention certain collective strivings of the German people toward truth and justice. The feelings of the Germans are sorely wounded thereby. The French press, which makes so much out of their smallest misdoings, never mentions, or, when it does so, only

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with derision, any decent action of theirs.

Germany did away with its anti-democratic, anti-Parliamentary Constitution in the Reich, and set up in its stead a Democratic and Parliamentary one, copying English and French political institutions and some American ones. They hoped that we would show our appreciation of their efforts, as we had so often impressed on them the urgent necessity of getting rid of their obsolete feudal institutions. They are doing their best to carry out our advice, and we merely make a wry face. We see in it nothing but eye-wash, and seek in the new Constitution indications that any increased unity of the German Empire is a menace to ourselves. We ought to have acknowledged frankly that by this Democratic Constitution the Germans had taken the first step on the road of peaceful progress.

Even reactionary Prussia has adopted a Constitution still more liberal and democratic than that of the Reich, which endangers liberty, as did the French Constitution of 1848, in that it provides for the presidential election by plebiscite. The Prussian Constitution avoids this error. Inspired by the famous Grévy amendment, it invests all the executive power in a President of the Council, elected by Parliament. It is essentially a democratic constitution, since it wisely and ingeniously utilizes popular initiative and the referendum, and combines the provisions of the Swiss Constitution with the most useful portions of the French Constitution of 1793. In fact, it is a fine piece of work. The Prussians might well have expected us to take some notice of it, even to utter, perhaps, some word of approbation. We made no sign whatever!

Now it does not follow that, because Prussia has drawn up a democratic constitution, her customs have also become democratic. The democratization of the Constitution has to come first. The Prussians have done this, and would have appreciated a compliment from us on their achievement. When Germans do evil, we curse them; when they do good, we show contempt.

I have mentioned only a few points, in order to demonstrate the lack of skill in the treatment of Germany by France, and to show what we might have accomplished. We ought to have, and might have, restored the France of the Revolution of 1789, the France of the year '11, the France that freed and enlightened the world. Once victorious in war, France ought to have been the first to lead the way to Democracy, to have initiated and fostered all the great movements of liberation and progress in the modern spirit, for the organization of Labor and the consolidation of its interests, and for carrying into practice the scientific political theories, popularly known under the vague designations of Socialism and Syndicalism. But instead of being at the head of the nations, France is straggling reluctantly in the rear. When she might be furthering the movement, as by her character she could and ought, she is its main hindrance. Once the favorite of the peoples, she now leads in opposition, and the peoples look to her for help no longer. The reactionary influence of our elections and of the *Bloc National* has been the cause of this.

The world sees France now as a great conservative power. The *Bloc National* turned its back upon Germany because a real peace between France and Germany would make a régime of reaction impossible in our country.

But the French nation is recovering from the war fever and is beginning to look around. The *Bloc National* views the coming General Election with anxiety; it fears the verdict of the electors, who will be less easily hoodwinked in 1923 than they were in 1919,

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and who will recognize that the most likely method of receiving the payments due from Germany is by supporting German Democracy. Hence the reason why the majority in the Chamber is allowing (however unwillingly in appearance) M. Briand to pursue a more sensible policy and one more appropriate to the character and interests of France, the one which we ought to have adopted with unmistakable firmness the very instant Peace was declared.

MODERN POLISH AND RUSSIAN THEATRES

BY HUNTLY CARTER

From the *English Review, November*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

THE theatre in Poland and Russia has been completely changed. Before the war, it was fairly international and inhuman in some respects. The effect of the war and want has been to make it intensely nationalistic and human. Important theatrical reforms that were coming to us in 1913, from the Moscow Art Theatre and the Theatre of Wyspianski in Poland, as fully explained in my volume on the *New Spirit in Drama and Art*, were left to develop or die, or to be raised to first-class practical value by the theatre's being intrusted to the control of humanity, which was able to apply them without interference or restraint. These particular survival reforms possessed human and eternal characteristics, which fitted them for practice as soon as the players were in a position to disport themselves humanly, as in ancient times, and as in Soviet Russia to-day.

The Polish Theatre has been changed principally by two sets of events: liberation from Russian and Austrian rule and the Bolshevist invasion. It was hardly a year ago that the invaders were hammering at the gates of Warsaw, scarcely a twelvemonth that the Bolsheviki took the high road that runs canal-like from the old city, and were cut off and routed after three days' fierce struggle at a little outlying village. There is no denying the fierceness or nearness of the struggle. When I saw the place, it smelt charred as if still smouldering. Rooms pitted with bullet-marks, and splashed with crimson as if dipped in blood, looked pretty much the same as when the fierce fighting ceased. In the intervening space between the village and Warsaw raw trenches plodded sinuously through field and wood. We must bear in mind the facts of the liberation and invasion, in order fully to appreciate the form of the Polish Theatre to-day.

I went to the Polish Theatre, as to the theatre in other countries, with three questions: What was the work of this theatre during the critical periods of the war? What change had the war effected in the theatre? What effect had the war had upon reform movements: which had died, which survived, which were new?

I received a full reply to all three

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questions from the director of the Opera House at Warsaw, the director of the beautiful Polski Theatre, Warsaw, and the director of the Teatr Miejski, the State Theatre at Cracow. In this reply I found the story of the changing moods of the Polish people, and how they were reflected by the theatre. Extracts from a long analysis of the war-time work of the State Theatre, Cracow, will suffice to exhibit the main points of this story. As this analysis shows, the work of the theatre falls into definite periods — the war-time period, during the Austrian occupation; the period when the Austrians left, when Poland was restored, at the end of the war with the Allies, during the war with the Bolsheviki, and since the signing of peace with Russia a few months ago.

Anyone who has a gift for relating the moods of a nation to its theatrical exhibitions may, if he likes, spend a busy time by obtaining a full list of the productions at Cracow from 1914 to 1921 (September), and explaining how they express the agony, fear, hopes, and aspirations of a people passing through indescribable experiences. Here is a clue to the kind of thing I mean. At the beginning of the war (1914–15), Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Devil's Disciple*, *Pygmalion*, *Great Catherine*, and *Blanco Posnet* were produced. What particular attraction did these satires offer to a people suddenly plunged into the horrors of a world-war, and with Russia preparing to advance rapidly from Warsaw? The answer is that Cracow was still in Austrian occupation. The theatre was largely controlled by Austria, and as Austria was at war with England and Russia, it chose to exhibit plays that denounced the Russian and English system of life and government as ridiculous and discreditable.

Here is another clue. During the season of 1917–18, the first play produced after the Austrians left Cracow was Wyspianski's *Return of Odysseus*. This was followed by Rittner's *Summer*. Students of national psychology will not have much difficulty in recognizing a gesture of immense relief in these and similar productions. Again, later in 1918, Poland was restored. With the declaration of independence came the production of Wyspianski's *Wedding* and *Liberation*. There is no need to tell the meaning of this to those who know that Wyspianski is the great Polish artist-patriot, who has been raised by intense popularity to god-like rank.

With national liberation came a renewed sense of play, and, as a consequence, productions began to symbolize the play-spirit, or, let me say, a lighter fare became the fashion. Oscar Wilde, Krasinski, Molière, Benavente became the refreshment contractors, so to speak. Then came the Bolshevist menace in 1919, and a return of the old paralyzing fear. The Polish people regarded with horror the new unbelievers, who denounced everybody who was not of their particular way of thinking, not a strict upholder of the Marxian faith. As a result, anti-Bolshevist plays and plays strongly criticizing Bolshevism made their appearance. They contained a deep religious and mystical element, which no doubt strongly appealed to a religious people in whom faith is very strongly rooted.

Charity, a mystery in three acts by Charles Hubert Rostworowski, is an excellent example of this species of play. . . . It shows what an extraordinary effect the Bolshevist invasion had in stirring up the highly sensitive and emotional Polish people and bringing out their religious faith. Act I reveals mankind breaking all bonds under the impulse of Communism. Charity is suppressed and becomes odious under

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the changed state of things. Act II brings us to the execution of Charity. It is executed between Wealth and False Religion, after the manner of Christ and the two thieves. In Act III we witness the resurrection of Charity, in response to a sincere cry of remorse. A new world blossoms on the ruins of the old. The moral seems to be that present-day revolution lacks charity. Without charity there can be no new world.

In *Charity* and its group of plays, including *Whiter than Snow*, *Lilla Venedà*, and *Expiation*, decoration crops up. I did not see this piece played, but I saw the decorator's color designs. From these I gathered that his aim was to produce the effect of a series of syntheses or unifying symbols, to which certain pre-war experiments in England have accustomed us. Color was given an intense emotional and motional value, while color and line combined to obtain and continue the movement described by the action. Though there was nothing new in this work, it was exceedingly effective. Moreover, it bore the impress of the Polish hand in the employment of bold masses of color.

Perhaps someone might describe the settings as expressionism. Certainly there is more than a suspicion of this in the treatment of the scenes for *Lilla Venedà*, another powerful emotional revolutionary play. While the screen for Act I is so simple as to belong to the *ists* (classicist for preference — Molièrean), that for Act II decidedly belongs to the *isms*. At the Warsaw State Opera House (which has a war-time record of work equal to that of the Cracow Theatre) I saw the remarkable settings and costumes designed by M. Drabik for *Pan Twardowski*, a ballet-pantomime version of popular myths surrounding the Polish Faust, set to music by the outstanding Polish composer, Ludomir Rożycki. Here, as elsewhere in the Polish Theatre, there were no up-to-date lighting effects to assist the decorator, who was therefore compelled to rely solely for his effects on his sense of color, form, and powerful imagination. With the aid of the magnificent national architectural forms and national costumes, and an unusually fantastic invention, he obtained results that contributed to the immense delight of multitudes of children, both young and old. This is a sure test of good 'decoration.'

In Russia war, want, and revolution have had the effect of handing the theatre over to the workers, soldiers, and peasants. The result is seen in what may be called the proletarian theatre. It is not easy to describe this theatre, as it is involved with all sorts of things not usually associated with the theatre. One of these things is the Soviet administration, by whose assistance it has got mixed up with propaganda and politics. Perhaps the best way out of the difficulty is to describe it as a theatre whose repertory and performers have become completely remodeled by proletarian (unhappy word) or, better, Communist tendencies. It is, in fact, a theatre run by workers — theatrical and others — for workers, in which workers (professionals are now classed with workers) exercise a control over the choice of plays, methods of production, and so forth. This is equivalent to saying that the principal playhouses in Soviet Russia are nationalized. The private playhouses, which till within the last three years provided salacious Parisian fare, have gone out of action. Semi-commercial ones, like the Moscow Art Theatre, still exist, but not as formerly. As plays of the Free Theatre movement period are on the index in Soviet Russia, owing to the fact that the workers are not sympathetic toward exhibitions of middle-class life and the merciless

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dissection of little and lonely lives, the high-brow playhouses, such as they are, are obliged to go elsewhere for their goods; and when one adds that more than one of the heads of the Theatre Departments are the reddest of the Reds, it will be understood that there is much running to the Communist cupboard for bones. So when I say that the workers have complete choice of plays, I mean the Government exercises a choice of plays on behalf of the workers. In other words, there is a strict censorship, the business of which is to prevent the exhibition of anything that does not promote the Communist life, or is in any way reactionary. As I say, middle-class plays have been put on the index. This rules out Chekhov (in his bigger moods). Occasionally a suspect like Ostrowski escapes the ban, but no one knows why. Such is the confusion concerning the strict meaning of 'proletarian' and 'revolutionary.'

The basis of the new theatrical system — the system which promises to remodel the theatre, not only in Soviet Russia, but out of it — is the principle that the theatre belongs to the workers and should be possessed and enjoyed by them, though in a manner fully consistent with Communist ideals. It would take too long to examine how the two elements of the theatre, repertory and performers, have been remodeled by this system. But this much may be said, that a few new plays expressing the life and ideals of Soviet Russia have been written, some by the leaders of the movement itself. Other suitable plays for illustrating revolutionary ideas and the new life have been drawn from the old repertory. Some of these have been freely adapted. The names of the favored authors, including Shakespeare, Schiller (*Robbers*), Molière, Goldini, Lope de Vega, and moderns, Gogol, Chekhov (in his minor moods), Tolstoy, Andreyev, Ibsen (*Hedda Gabler* and *Master Builder*), Rostand (*L'Aiglon*), Maeterlinck, Verhaeren (*Dawn*, cut to order by Meyerhold), D'Annunzio. There has also been much adaptation of novels. The actors and actresses have been shaped by several circumstances: being in the pay of the Government; being obliged to appeal to the particular emotions of the workers and soldiers, who of course would not tolerate anything but their own class of play; and, finally, by the terrible economic conditions. The emergence of the Proletarian Theatre has given rise to a great conflict of theory and opinion between its members; and the economic and social questions which are springing up round this theatre promise to be as numerous as the æsthetic ones before the war. The principal one is, 'What is a Proletarian Theatre?'

Perhaps the big Proletarian Theatre, composed of the many conventional playhouses which have been nationalized, is of less importance than the small Proletarian Theatre. There are in Moscow alone some three or four thousand little stages which were established by the soldiers and workers, and which are open two or three times, sometimes oftener, a week. They are contained in little rooms or shacks and are ready for anyone who has anything to put or say on them. Officially they are practically ignored, as one might expect. They are proletarian, inasmuch as they are run and controlled by the workers. But they reveal no new form of drama, simply because the primitive form which they exhibit is eternal. They are given up to matters which interest all who take part in their expression. Sometimes it is strictly Communist, sometimes not about workers in their own field. Sometimes the workers write their own little plays or extemporize them. Sometimes they go to the cupboard and take

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down the little Chekhov, Gorky, Ostrowski, Tolstoy, and Andreyev, occasionally Heijermanns and Hauptmann. The peasants, too, have their hundreds of little theatres in which they play their own pieces. These pieces are very subtle, full of deep significance, religious, and mystical.

Here we have a movement of the utmost importance. Its importance lies in the fact that a great mass of workers and peasants are doing something for themselves in the theatre, and not asking or expecting others to do it for them, as is the custom in countries outside Soviet Russia.

HUGO STINNES, DICTATOR OF GERMAN INDUSTRY

BY A CORRESPONDENT

From the *Observer*, *October* 16
(MIDDLE GROUND LIBERAL)

HUGO STINNES is probably the most powerful and sinister influence in the industrial world of the present day. Before the war, in Germany there were many millionaires and captains of industry; to-day, practically all of them have become subordinate to Stinnes. Briefly, he aims at establishing what he calls a 'Roof Trust,' meaning a super-trust, which will control every industry in his country, so that German industry will respond in all its branches to the instructions sent out from one centre, and the man who will control that centre is Stinnes. Already he has expended fully 250,000,000 pounds sterling on organizing his ideal, and he continues to spend without stint. Papers, industries, barges — everything, in short, interests Stinnes; and it must be realized that he is putting all this money into a country which has been defeated and crushed, and is obliged to pay an enormous war-indemnity.

The object of Stinnes's trust is to enable German industry to act as one united corporation, so that, if one section of it is unfairly dealt with by neighboring countries, the whole of German industry can retaliate. If a foreign country decides to bar out German electrical goods, for example, once the Roof Trust is in existence, the order would go out that no industrial section of the Roof Trust was to purchase anything from that country; or, it might be that those sections of the Trust that supplied something which that country absolutely must have from Germany would be instructed not to supply it. Thus, he aims at turning Germany from a state into an all-powerful business combine, and the power of his trust would be far greater than that of the Government. He is assisted in his scheme by the so-called 'Plan Industry System,' which was inaugurated after the Revolution by the Government itself.

When the Socialists came into power, they carefully investigated the practicability of nationalizing German industries, for which they had clamored when they were only in opposition. Now,

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however, that they were in power, they began to realize that the practical difficulties were so tremendous that it was impossible to proceed along the lines they had formerly advocated; and being, above all, practical men, they decided to alter their plans to meet the facts of the case. They therefore substituted the 'Plan Industry System,' which was simply the logical completion of the system which had gradually grown up before the war and received a great impetus during the war. Briefly, it was the cartelization of all industries. Before the war most German industries had cartels with varying functions. Sometimes they were merely price-fixing rings; often, however, they went further and regulated output, purchase of raw materials, and distribution itself. What the Socialists did was to make cartels compulsory, and insist that on the council of each cartel there should be equal representation of masters and men. In short, they combined the Whitley Council and the German Cartel Organization, and with astonishingly satisfactory results. In practice, it has been found that the employees and the employers thus brought together have realized their community of interests, and there has been no serious conflict between the two parties. The shortage of raw materials with which Germany was faced enabled these cartels to exercise enormous pressure on recalcitrant firms. Briefly, they starved them out; for the cartels were practically the sole source from which raw materials could be obtained.

Over these cartels was established a super-cartel, called the Economic Council, at Berlin, and it consists of representatives of the various cartels. The Government does nothing affecting trade, finance, or industry without consulting this council; and, therefore, in practice the council controls the Government, although, theoretically, the case is reversed. This council allocates raw materials, transfers orders from a firm that has too many to a firm that has not enough, and generally supervises industry thoroughout the whole of Germany.

It naturally takes time for a change such as this to become complete, but the end is certain. Those firms that refuse to enter the cartels are finding themselves in a state of splendid isolation, which means ruin. It is therefore not surprising to hear that the scheme is maturing very rapidly. Thus, each industry is allowed to manage its own local affairs, and great matters of policy affecting the whole of Germany from an industrial point of view, are settled by the council, and the advice of the council is enforced by the Government. Thus, the 'Plan Industry System' places all law-making and law-execution, so far as business measures are concerned, in the hands of business men and their employees. Thus, on the one hand, a new solidarity is growing up in German industry, and the workman is learning that he has a personal interest in the success of his trade; while, on the other, government interference is reduced to a kindly supervision.

Now the 'Plan Industry System' plays directly into the hands of Stinnes. Theoretically, in a few years, the Economic Council will rule Germany. Stinnes is determined that he will control the Economic Council through the Roof Trust. The members may sit as representatives of the various industrial federations; but as employers, at any rate, they will be members of the trusts in those trades, which themselves will be subordinate to the Roof Trust. Under the government scheme the trust idea is not carried out completely, for the ownership of a plant or company still remains in the hands of its former possessors, and to it go the proceeds,

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even though it enters the compulsory syndicate, or cartel. When the Government organizes a syndicate, or cartel, Stinnes buys up the independent members and forms them into a trust. Thus he and his associates control that cartel. Therefore, as he develops this scheme, we shall see that the so-called government-controlled syndicates are really nothing but trusts controlled by Stinnes, and there is nothing in the German law which prevents him from controlling them.

One line of business he is specializing in at the present moment is the purchase of newspapers, his object, of course, being propaganda. He has organized a tremendous commercial intelligence system, and the personnel thereof he has drawn from the disbanded Intelligence Department of the German army. Realizing the importance of internal communications, he has specialized in obtaining control of the Rhine; and nineteen out of every twenty-four barges that pass along the Rhine now belong to him. What little ocean navigation still remains in German hands he now controls; and he is building more ships at an enormous cost, for he realizes that he must have ships in which to take his goods, no matter how expensive they may be; and in the meantime he has not ignored the immense power which lies dormant in the life-insurance companies, which he is consolidating under his own control.

Stinnes, of course, has his enemies. Indeed, it appears that he is a man you must either love or hate. His friends would do anything for him; his enemies anything against him; but, so far, his enemies seem impotent. He is characterized by utter ruthlessness, though he is considerate toward his subordinates and servants.

In brief, therefore, alongside the House of Representatives in Berlin is a more potent house — the Federal Economic Council. There gather the great leaders of industry, and representatives of the men they control. This body controls the very life-blood of industry, its raw materials; and it is this body which Stinnes aims at reducing to the position of nominees of his own. Naturally, if the men in this Council are managing directors under the control of Stinnes as super-director in their businesses, they will do what he wants in the Federal Economic Council; and what the Federal Economic Council says must be done the German Government, so called, must do.

Stinnes did not start from nothing. He inherited a considerable amount of wealth from his father, who in his turn had inherited large coal mines from Stinnes's grandfather. But he determined to begin at the very beginning, and actually worked in the mines with pick and shovel. His first incursion into business other than coal-mining appears to have been due to annoyance at the large fees he had to pay to the barge-owners on the Rhine who carried his coal. He determined to own his own barges. Having acquired his barges, it occurred to him that he might as well carry iron as well; so he began to buy iron-producing plants, and this naturally led on to the steel manufactures. From this he passed to electricity.

When the war came, August Thyssen was regarded as the super-business man in Germany, nor were Krupps far behind. The war gave Stinnes an opportunity which he was not slow to grasp. In a word, he did for Germany what Lloyd George did for England — organized the whole country as a vast industrial machine for purposes of the war. As a result, Thyssen and Krupps had to obey his orders. Nominally, of course, he was working under Ludendorff; but his was the brain which sup-

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plied Ludendorff with what he required. Therefore, when the war ended, not only was he at the forefront of German industry but he had been able to penetrate practically every secret of German business and finance.

This is the man with whom the rest of the world must reckon. In him is concentrated the German 'will to win.' In the new struggle for industrial supremacy, he is giving to Germany a G.H.Q. which is of inestimable advantage; and the 'Plan Industry System' has enabled him to enlist the support of the actual workers in those industries. Stinnes, in short, has realized that the changed world requires new methods in business. He is fifty-one and, so far as one can see, should have twenty years of work left in him, and twenty years may show many changes. It is perhaps characteristic of the man, and a point which in a republic is an advantage, that he has never taken a title or decoration. He is still Herr Stinnes in a country that swarms with counts, barons, and men with high-sounding titles.

What is England doing to meet this business genius?

THE WILD ROE

BY DOUGLAS GORDON

From the *National Review, October*
(CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

WILD, indeed! There may be creatures equally unapproachable, or creatures that lend themselves still less to observation, but, if such exist, I do not know them. Even the badger, one of the most solitary and retiring of living things, betrays his whereabouts by signs which a comparatively inexperienced eye can detect at a glance. And the fox — for all his reputed craft, less wary and in many respects less gifted than his gray fellow woodsman — is telegraphed wherever he goes. Not so the roe. His capacity for concealing his movements from the most skillful observer is positively uncanny; nor do his general habits in any way invite that which of all things he least desires — attention to himself.

The naturalist who would study so unaccommodating a subject must possess no ordinary stock of patience, and after taxing it to the utmost be prepared for ultimate disappointment. As for that modern magician, the nature photographer, he may scheme and construct 'blinds' for the remainder of his natural days, without getting one chance to exercise his art. Now and again anybody who has occasion to frequent lonely coombes, or the banks of woodland streams after nightfall, may catch sight of a dim form, glancing between the tree-trunks like a low-flying woodcock, and that is about as clear an impression of the furtive beast as the average countryman ever gets, in the normal way. . . .

What exactly is a roe-deer? One often hears the question, and a surpris-

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ing number of people seem very hazy about the answer. I once saw a remarkable example of this when fox-hunting with a famous West-Country pack. While drawing a certain covert, hounds chanced upon an outlying roe-buck, — an unprecedented thing in that district, — and, though he went away in full view of forty or fifty horsemen, not one of the regular field could identify the species. A stranger supplied the information.

Again, on Haldon some years ago, a gamekeeper pointed out several deer to me, calling them 'roes,' and assuring me that they were wild. They made a wonderfully pretty picture, browsing like so many sheep in the cool of a June evening; but, of course, they were really fallow-deer which had originally escaped from a neighboring park and were still more than half domesticated. The man had taken considerable pains to show them to me, however, so I had not the heart to undeceive him.

The areas in which these pretty little animals may be found are very circumscribed — so far as England is concerned, at any rate. Indeed, according to old historians, they were extinct in this country early in the nineteenth century. How they became reinstated, I do not know; but a few years ago they became so plentiful in certain parts of the West as seriously to interfere with fox-hunting. In consequence, certain packs of hounds took to hunting them more or less frequently.

They are tough runners, — though usually 'ringers,' — and sometimes afford very pretty sport. True, some people do not care for it. It involves a lot of woodland work, as a rule, and they who hunt essentially to ride, and prefer long points to patient hound-work, find it unsatisfactory. Also, some things about it undeniably go against the grain. The roe in himself is such an honest, chivalrous little fellow, so harmless, and so much more attractive in every way than his arrogant and bulkier red cousin, that it seems too bad to hurt him, argue with conscience as one will. However, the same might be said of many kinds of highly prized game, and the roe, up to a certain point, is very well able to take care of himself.

Also, some argue with more or less reason, from one point of view there is very little purpose to be served in preserving roe-deer. True, they are pretty, charming little creatures, and the landowner who would not take pleasure in seeing them about his woods must be of a singularly unappreciative type. But the point is, *you never do see them!* Their case does not compare with that of the raven or the buzzard, which, like the heron, lend charm and dignity to the places where they find sanctuary. None the less, I must confess to having a soft spot for the little shy, friendless roe, for there is something attractive, I think, in his very wildness and in the mystery that always surrounds his harmless life. For this and other reasons already given, I have sometimes found it difficult to resist giving him a leg-up when chance offered. Here is an instance.

One spring day, some years ago, I was out deer-hunting on foot, or rather, watching a deer-hunt with a field-glass from a high point. In a rough, double-banked country, one can often see much more hunting thus than when mounted, and so it had proved on this occasion. I had watched every incident of a by no means featureless run, and now, in what bade fair to be its last stages, hounds had taken a favorable turn, and were coming toward me, gliding from one spinney to another like a flock of traveling wood-pigeons, and following every little wooded gully or defile along which the wily quarry skillfully piloted them.

I had taken my stand on a rugged hill typical of wild West Dorset. Its windy crest was seamed with ramparts,

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constructed by giants of the past, now patrolled nightly by badgers and foxes, who in their turn had thrown up earthworks of limestone and sand, which gleamed white and yellow among the scattered pines. Immediately below, heather and straggling gorse-brakes, now clouded with golden bloom, sloped to the hazel and buckthorn thickets that fringed a big wood for which the hounds were pointing.

They had traversed the same wood once before in the course of the run, upon that occasion quitting it by way of a watercourse, along a timbered ravine which passed immediately below the ridge whereon I stood. That they would take the same line was more than likely, for deer have their regular routes or runways by which they travel when hunted, just as hares do; and I became seized with that almost irresistible desire, which every sportsman experiences now and again, to get a really near view of the hunted animal, even at the risk of heading him.

There was little space for reflection, and within a few seconds I had descended the hill, scrambled down the precipitous side of the ravine, and placed myself flat against the boll of a gigantic beech not far from the stream. This was perhaps ten or twelve feet wide here, and alongside the farther bank ran a clearly defined path, by which the deer would probably travel, I thought.

The step was no sooner taken than regretted, however. Instead of a bird's-eye view of the whole panorama of the hunt, there among the tangled growth of the age-old wood my outlook was restricted to a scant fifty yards; and what with the creaking of the beeches in the wind and the roar of the stream in flood, not to mention the precipitous hillside, which shut off every distant sound like a closed door, one's ears were equally useless.

For the first few minutes the continuous clattering of wood-pigeons downwind intimated that hounds were still in cover; but when all the pigeons had rattled out, there remained no means of knowing what was happening. Time ticked on, and I began to think they must have killed in cover or gone away from some other point. Then came a jay, glancing from tree to tree in a flurry of brown and evanescent blue, pausing every few seconds to look back and scream at something. That looked more hopeful, and with renewed keenness I fixed my eyes on the path, beyond which the larches rose like a gray curtain to the sky.

Then the crisp snap of a twig, light and alert as the 'pat' of a hailstone upon dry leaves, recalled my gaze to my own side of the stream. And there, not twenty yards away, I saw him, coming straight toward me, stepping daintily, as ever, though distinctly lame, and, as one could see at a glance, very stiff and 'done brown.' Another ten minutes in the open would surely settle him, I thought. He had some difficulty, too, in picking his way along the steep, rough slope; and what possessed him to choose to travel this side, rather than by what was so obviously his path along the opposite bank, puzzled me not a little. If done with any idea of baffling his pursuers, it was labor lost — pathetically so, as will be seen eventually.

He came on at a mincing walk, every sense obviously alive for little else than the enemy behind him; nor was he aware of my presence until within five paces of me. Then he caught sight of me, and the jump which he gave — several feet straight up into the air — was one of the most comical things of its kind I ever saw. He was about to retreat precipitately, as one would naturally have expected him to do, when something — probably my absolute stillness — gave him pause. Immobility, I have noticed, always puzzles a

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wild creature. Moreover, it is from *movement* above all else that it anticipates danger. So, badly scared as he certainly was, he stopped for a second look, fixing his large, questioning brown eyes upon me with an intensity that was hard to bear.

I was wearing a suit of heather tweed, which assimilated well with my setting, and clearly he would have been glad to consider me part of the tree-trunk against which I leaned. Yet that he could hardly accept, though my attitude was inconsistent with his usual impression of man — that thing of movement and aggression. In a word, he was puzzled, and after an exhaustive scrutiny, — ages it seemed to me, though it could have been only a matter of seconds, — he withdrew his gaze and looked about, uncertainly.

I could hear hounds now. So could he, as evidenced by the nervous twitching of his trumpet-like ears and the frequent worried glances he cast over his shoulder.

He was in a sorry state, poor fellow! His flanks and shapely legs were soiled and mud-spattered; his glossy coat was dark with sweat, while crimson stains on his ordinarily snow-white breast suggested that his passage through the hawthorn brakes had been none too easy.

That he particularly wished to 'get forward' was obvious. Doubtless he had some plan in mind, the relinquishing of which might mean, as he knew, the relinquishing of life also. Moreover, he was only too painfully conscious of those hunting cries on the wind, which were now drawing too near for safety. But to go ahead meant passing within a few feet of me; whereas, if he turned back, he must retraverse the way he had come, and that he dared not attempt.

There was no middle course. He studied the opposite bank, but the take-off was difficult and the leap risky. Above him the hillside rose almost sheer — too precipitous for tired legs to scale. Another glance and sniff to windward, another searching look at me, and his mind was made up. The enemy behind he knew too well, also what he might expect from that quarter. Of my character he was not so certain. He weighed the chances and decided to try me. Slowly and with infinite caution he began to advance. The nervous vigilance apparent in every line of him was positively infectious. It seemed as if I and not he were playing for desperate stakes. And so he crept on, every hair radiating suspicion, and keeping as far from me as the nature of the ground permitted, until he was abreast of me. There he paused for a long second, gave me one haunting look, then sprang lightly away.

Not until he had covered perhaps twenty yards did he get the wind of me. Then anybody who maintains that an animal's nose is not its principal guide should have seen him go. I had more or less succeeded in deceiving his eyes, but nose was quite another matter. Swerving from his course, he went crashing down the slope, like a boulder discharged from the crag above, sprang headlong into the water, and disappeared into a narrow deep goyle through which the river ran.

I watched him out of sight, then scrambled up the hillside to a point where I could overlook a wide glade into which the goyle opened. Across this the buck must pass, and every moment I expected to see the little mouse-brown form break into view. He did not appear, however, and after watching the place for a couple of minutes, I concluded that he had been too quick for me and had crossed the open while I was climbing to my present stand.

By this time the hounds were near, and from my exalted position I watched them sweep down the gorge, carrying

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a fine head, but, curiously enough, running on the other side of the stream, twenty yards wide of the line actually taken by the deer. They likewise passed into the deep goyle, where I could not see them, and then, almost immediately, the chorus ceased, nor for some minutes did I hear another sound. The check, if checked they were, seemed both sudden and complete, and curiosity soon induced me to run down and see what they were doing.

They were checked, indeed, — for which I somehow felt unaccountably glad, — and when I found them they were 'casting' slowly and methodically downstream toward the open, over which the leading hounds were then spreading. All trace of the line had disappeared mysteriously.

The Master arrived in due course with the inevitable question, had I seen the buck? A sudden impulse — quixotic, if you like to call it so — prompted the equivocal but literally true reply, 'Not since coming *here*.' The deception, if one could term it such, was really quite justifiable. As it happened, I had opportunely viewed the deer earlier in the hunt, thereupon rendering considerable assistance to the hounds, so common fairness demanded from me at least a strictly neutral attitude at this most critical juncture. The hounds' failure to hit off the line, supporting the testimony of my own eyes, had morally convinced me that the hunted creature had never left the gorge, that he was, indeed, at that precise instant within a few yards of us; and my course once settled in my own mind, nothing would have induced me to give him away.

'How long have you been here?' was the next query. I replied that I had been watching the forge for twenty minutes or more — also literally true. The Master, who knew me well, suspected no prevarication. He made good 'forrard,' then, concluding that hounds must have been running a 'disturbed line' down the gorge, he cast back into the big wood, and, incidentally, never felt another touch of the deer.

Later on, when I had heard hounds blown out of covert and seen them well started on the homeward road, I returned to the gorge, thinking to match my faculties with theirs and solve the riddle to my own satisfaction. In that respect, however, I have to admit failure. So narrow and precipitous was the way that nobody could pass along the goyle without wading waist-deep in the swollen stream, which was not good enough, I thought. I saw enough to seal my convictions, however. The rocky banks were pitted with dark grottoes and unexpected hiding-places, all screened and festooned with hart's-tongue fern, wild briers, and blackberry growth, behind which a creature so adept at concealment as the roe could find sure sanctuary.

But, half-way up the slope, from a point whence I could review the scene, I paused once again for a last look. And then, quite by chance, I saw him again. He was stepping demurely across the glade, on the edge of which he stopped, deer-like, to study his back track before taking cover. With the little valley between us, our eyes met — for the last time. In his attitude, at any rate, no change was discernible. There was the same wild, scared look, in which even I could not pretend to trace one gleam of gratitude or recognition; the same startled bound, emphasized this time by a farewell flirt of his white flag; then with one spring he cleared what ground there remained to cover, and was gone.

He was safe, of course; but I, climbing the 'castle' slope toward home, was far from being satisfied. I should have liked him to know that his life had hung for one period at least upon a single word of mine.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE POET TO THE BIRDS

BY ALICE MEYNELL

[*London Mercury*]

You bid me hold my peace,
Or so I think, you birds; you'll not forgive
My kill-joy song that makes the wild song cease,
Silent or fugitive.

Yon thrush stopped in mid-phrase
At my mere footfall; and a longer note
Took wing and fled afield, and went its ways
Within the blackbird's throat.

Hereditary song,
Illyrian lark and Paduan nightingale,
Is yours, unchangeable the ages long;
Assyria heard your tale;

Therefore you do not die,
But single, local, lonely, mortal, new,
Unlike, and thus like all my race, am I,
Preluding my adieu.

My human song must be
My human thought. Be patient till 't is done.
I shall not ever hold my peace; for me
There is no peace but one.

THE LONG BAZAARS

BY F. S. CORYN

[*New Witness*]

Golden peacocks, tortoise-shell,
Linens from the West;
Apples, myrrh and asphodel,
Garnets for her breast;
Emerald caskets, silver bars,
Gems from all the earth,
Seek I through the long bazaars,
To make my lady mirth.

Jasper combs and coral strings,
Arctic furs and ice;
Dates and figs and twisted rings,
Aromatic spice;
Silks and cashmeres, turquoise stars,
Riches without measure,
Seek I through the long bazaars,
For my lady's pleasure.

Indian incense, smithied brass,
Oranges from Spain;
Turkish sweetmeats, painted glass,
Crimson henna stain;
Snowy wine in amber jars,
Saffron from the Nile;
Seek I through the long bazaars,
To make my lady smile.

Apes and ivory, golden stars,
Riches without measure,
Seek I through the long bazaars,
For my lady's pleasure.

ABSENT LOVERS

[*From the Chinese*]

BY C. M. KOHAN

[*Spectator*]

In the night the beloved
Floats upon the lake of memory
Like a water-lily.
Ripples of desire rock her to and fro;
The moon, rising, kisses her golden face.
But the Poet
Stands upon the shore of memory
Like a figure of porcelain.
His image is mirrored in the water,
And the ripples
Break it into fragments.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

KNUT HAMSUN AS PLAYWRIGHT

KNUT HAMSUN, whose fame as a novelist has become world-wide since the Nobel Prize was awarded him, is also a playwright, although, hitherto, none of his dramatic works has been translated into English. His three-act comedy, *At the Gates of the Kingdom*, which will have its first production in English in February, is one of a programme of four plays announced by the Incorporated Stage Society. The productions are to be in the hands of M. Theodore Komisarjevsky, who until 1919 was art director at the Moscow State and Imperial theatres, and who was responsible for the original performances of Chekhov's plays. M. Komisarjevsky will also be the producer of the other three plays on the Society's programme. These are Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, Luigi Pirandello's *Six Persons in Search of an Author*, and *Riding Light*, a new play by Mr. Herbert Trench, whose *Napoleon* was given by the Society in October, 1919.

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A MUSICIAN'S SAD PLIGHT

MUSICAL London is greatly amused by a notice that M. Pouishnoff — a pianist whose popularity in England exceeds his reputation in America — has had to paste on the front door of his apartment. M. Poushinoff has been besieged by admirers, — mostly young ladies, — who are not content with demanding autographs, but bombard him with requests to play.

The pianist, who entertains a justified aversion to private recitals free on demand, has evolved an unvarying formula for reply: 'If you want to hear me play, my recitals are always open to you.'

The notice on the front door, though equally uncompromising, is far more amusing: 'Mr. Pouishnoff begs politely to inform those ladies who derive pleasure from calling uninvited on well-known musicians, that he has no social qualifications whatever, and that except for his pianistic art, he is the most uninteresting of men. He will be extremely grateful if he is allowed to live the peaceful life of a bachelor hermit.'

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A TEST OF EXPRESSION

A TEACHER of English may pick up suggestions almost anywhere. Here is one from an article 'On a Piece of Rope,' by H. Belloc in the *New Statesman:* —

Ropes more than any other subject are, I think, a test of a man's power of exposition in prose. If you can describe clearly the proper way of making this or that knot, then you are a master of the English tongue. You are not only a master — you are a sign, a portent, a new discoverer, an exception among your fellow men, a unique fellow. For no one yet in this world surely has attained to lucidity in this most difficult branch of all expression. I find over and over again in the passages of those special books which talk of ropes, such language as, 'This is a very useful knot and is made as follows: a bight is taken in the standing part and is then run over right-handedly, that is with the sun, then under the running part, and so through both times and hauled tight by the two ends.' But if any man should seek to save his life on a dark night in a sudden gust of wind by this description he would lose it. He would drown.

Take the simplest of them. Take the clove-hitch. Write a sentence in English which will explain (without a picture) how to cast a clove-hitch. I do not think you will succeed.

Easy as the clove-hitch is to tie, — for those who know how, — there are

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few, even among the informed, who would take any pleasure, or achieve much success, in putting the process into words. If the clove-hitch is a little elusive, let the teacher try his pupils on a definition of the square knot, or of its difference from the 'granny.' Satan himself could hardly propose more mischief for idle hands to do.

LEON BAKST AND CHAIKOVSKY

In a recent article in the London *Daily Telegraph* Leon Bakst, the glowing color of whose scenery and costumes dazzled American audiences during the visits of M. de Diaghileff's Russian Ballet several years ago, describes a meeting with Chaikovsky. The famous Russian dancers are now in London, where their production of Chaikovsky's ballet, 'The Sleeping Beauty' has met with great success.

Before entering the auditorium, already swarming with people, custom ordained a visit to the stage manager's room [writes M. Bakst], where he — a veritable pasha, with his Methuselah-like white beard and a Persian cap upon his head — smoked and drank his perpetual glass of tea in this club wherein gathered the stars of the opera and the ballet. Everybody loved to gossip in this vast apartment. This visit has remained in my memory all my life. My rubbers quickly doffed and the snow shaken from my fur coat, I stand nonplussed. Dared I enter? At the end of the sumptuous, Persian-carpeted room, through the crowd of dancers in daintily puffed-out skirts, I saw in outline two central figures, and, from the respectful distance kept by the artists, I gathered that they were personages of importance. One of them — tall, slightly bent, with an aquiline nose, and a smile at once affable and sly — wore the Star of the Vladimir Order on the left breast of the blue uniform he wore as director of the Imperial theatres.

'There must be a member of the Imperial family in the theatre,' I thought, not without pride at finding myself in such a brilliant assembly. (As it transpired, the Emperor Alexander III, was there.) The other gentleman was shorter. His hair and beard were white, his complexion very pink, his manner shyly amiable. He appeared very nervous, but was making a visible effort to control himself. Who is it? I sought to catch the eye of my old friend, who at last saw me (I was then far from tall), hemmed in among the frothy mass of fluttering ballet-skirts.

'Lovushka [Little Leon], come here and let me introduce you to our glory and our pride, Piotr Ilytch Chaikovsky.'

Blushing with emotion in my tight uniform as a student of the School of Fine Arts, but wearing white gloves — so smart, I thought — with my carrotty, close-cropped hair, I must have looked funny. Boldly escaping from my pleasant prison, without hesitating I stepped forward and held out my hand to the famous musician.

'Here he is,' continued the old *régisseur;* 'this youngster adores the theatre, and is already painting scenic designs. The other day, whilst telling some friends at tea about your "Sleeping Beauty," he improvised scenery in his own way. . . . Where is it now?'

And he sought in vain in the drawer of his desk.

'I like the music of "The Sleeping Beauty,"' I exclaimed, in a voice strangled with emotion, amid the general stupefaction, which was quickly followed by a mad outburst of laughter.

'Ah! you already know my ballet,' laughingly said Chaikovsky, with surprise, and looking inquiringly at the patriarchal beard of the stage manager.

Unforgettable matinée! I lived in a magic dream for three hours, intoxicated with fairies and princesses, splendid palaces flowing with gold, in the enchantment of the whole tale. My whole being was as if swayed in cadence to the rhythms, the radiant flow of refreshing and beautiful melodies, which were already friends.

But what a home-coming! What a cruel ending to the enchantment! Outside, a darkness grown murkier after all this bedazzling; snow, stinging horribly; an icy wind from the Néva; vain efforts to find a droshky (too expensive near the theatre), and, at last, home: the lamp, with its de-

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pressingly commonplace petrol, suspended too high.

Ah! What a contrast with the Maryinsky Theatre, all decorated in blue velvet, filled with brightly clad officers of the Guard, with ladies in evening dress, bejeweled and radiant, with a heterogeneous and perfumed crowd, in which a solemn note was struck by the red coats and white stockings of the Court, so bedizened with Imperial eagles!

That evening, I believe, my vocation was determined.

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DUMAS AND THE REVOLUTION

A HITHERTO unpublished letter by the elder Alexandre Dumas has been printed in *La Revue Mondiale*. The letter, which is addressed to Mme. Desbordes-Valmore has more than the the ordinary interest attaching to Dumas's letters, since it refers to the fighting in Paris in 1830. It is as follows: —

August 5, 1830.

MADAME, —

The first rifle shots of our gallant Parisians went off just as I sat down to reply to your charming letter. To say to you that I shall always keep it, is useless. To express to you the admiration which I have for your talent would be to fall into those usual praises to which you are accustomed.

I was counting on going to Algiers, Madame, when this fine revolution of ours broke out. I was going to go by way of Lyon and there to give you by word of mouth all the information that you could desire about *Christine* and the costumes of her suite. I was promising myself great happiness in telling you all that I have in my mind. There are in the expression of the eyes and the tone of the voice a truth and a warmth which carry belief with them, and then you would have to believe me. My voyage is delayed — I cannot quit Paris at such a time. It is much finer than anything I'd go abroad to see, but I will get you some costumes. As for the arrangement of the prologue, that is the easiest thing in the world. A poet of Lyon will take it upon himself to explain in ten verses that the queen has fallen into the water and has been fished out by Steinberg.

What I am about to say, Madame, is so full of poetry and drama that there are moments when I think of giving up forever writing a single word. What can one do after what has been done? What drama in the theatre can equal the drama in the street? What hero of the Middle Ages will equal the last citizen of our suburbs?

To come back to *Christine*, which is rather trifling in the midst of all this, Mme. Firmin, in starting for Switzerland, has taken upon herself to send you a second copy. She is going by way of Lyon on her return, if she is not there already; she will tell you again, Madame, how many times I have talked to her of you, and with what respect and enthusiasm I pronounce your name.

I ask permission, Madame, when I go to Lyon to repeat to you all that I was going to say. I have wanted to talk to you for a long time and to continue it always.

I have the honor to be, Madame, your very humble and obedient servant,

A. DUMAS.

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ANATOLE FRANCE AND THE NOBEL PRIZE

THE outburst of protest in the French press when the despatch from Stockholm — later found to be erroneous — was received, stating that Anatole France's candidacy for the Nobel prize was being contested on the ground that he lacked idealism, has at least served to fix in the public mind the respect that the latest Nobel prizeman enjoys among his own countrymen. M. François Crucy, writing in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, suggests that 'We really ought to be glad that a too hasty journalist sent the despatch whose publication called forth such homage,' and he even ventures to express regret that the award of the prize followed swiftly upon the false news as to prevent further manifestations of the high regard of his countrymen and of distinguished foreign writers.

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There is nothing disparaging in the statement that Anatole France does not pursue the 'quest of the ideal' in literature [he goes on]. The great satirists have never been respecters of the ideal, whether we use that word in the moral or the religious sense. And yet who would dare deny that behind every great satirist a fervent idealist is lurking? To my mind Anatole France is an idealist, though perhaps something after the fashion of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. . . .

But one must add that where such work as Anatole France's is concerned, in which the perfection of form gives an appearance of perfect unity, there is no need to seek for doctrines. It is all life and movement. It sweeps along like a ship at sea, spreading or furling sail at the wind's behest.

L'Illustration recounts the circumstances of M. Thibault's adoption of his pseudonym, which are not so familiar as they might be: —

His father, a Parisian bookseller was named François Thibault, or France Thibault, for in Anjou, his ancestral home, France is usually used for François. His customers always called him 'M. France' and he eventually adopted their custom and published some books bearing the words 'France, Libraire.' At school and college young Anatole was always called Anatole France, and he never learned until he was about forty — and then quite by chance — that he had another name.

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'RUTHLESS REVIEWS'

ALTHOUGH ruthlessness is part of any book-reviewer's stock in trade, the literary critic of *Looking Forward*, one of the newest of the London magazines, apparently intends to specialize in it. The magazine contains a column headed 'Ruthless Reviews,' accompanied by an amazing pen-and-ink sketch of a company of fiends bearing a book away — presumably to damnation. The quirks in the demons' tails are most engaging and their horns are worn at a properly fiendish angle, while the whole procession is preceded by a demon band, joyfully beating upon drums and blowing horns, and conducted by an infernal drum-major with a pitchfork in lieu of a baton.

The reviews in this diverting column live up to their heading. Of the collected works of an unfortunate group of undergraduate poets, a reviewer ferociously remarks that 'most of the poems suffer from being much like the others,' and the work of a distinguished British statesman is described as 'a tepid wash of words.'

✤

A BIOGRAPHY OF BLASCO-IBÁÑEZ

M. Camille Pitollet has written a biography of the Spanish novelist, Vicente Blasco-Ibáñez and a critique of his work, under the title, *V. Blasco-Ibáñez, ses romans et le roman de sa vie.* The last four words of the title are no exaggeration, but a sober statement of facts which are not quite so. Blasco-Ibáñez's life has been almost as romantic as his fiction: journalist, political prisoner, socialist deputy, duelist, business man, friend of the Sultan, and finally, novelist with a world-wide reputation.

M. Pitollet treats his subject with enthusiasm and skill and has produced a book that will be of great interest to the Spaniard's American readers; but perhaps the most illuminating portion of his volume is the novelist's own account of himself: —

I write novels because I have to. Perhaps that was my destiny; at any rate, anything I might do to escape that fate would be labor lost. Some men write because others wrote before them; and they would never have had the idea without a series of models before them. But if I were in a wilderness, ignorant of books and the art of writing, I am sure that I should go for leagues and leagues to tell to some one of my own kind the tales that I had imagined in my solitude and to hear his own. When I have finished a novel I am overwhelmed with weariness

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and exult in my deliverance, like a patient who has undergone a dangerous operation.

I spent part of my youth in prison, having been in prison at least thirty times. I have been a convict. I have been dangerously wounded in savage duels. I have known all the physical suffering that a human being can endure, and even the most extreme poverty. On the other hand, I have been elected deputy until it wearied me; I have been the friend of the old Turkish Sultan. I have lived in palaces. For a long time I was a business man, disposing of millions. I founded a village in America. I tell you all this to show you that I can live novels better than I can set them down in black and white.

✻

MR. EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON ABROAD

A CRITIC in *The Nation and the Athenæum*, having recently declared that he would be grateful to anyone who would tell him why Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's book, *The Man Against the Sky*, should be regarded as a good work, Mr. John Gould Fletcher takes up the cudgels on behalf of his fellow poet. In a letter to the editor, he says: —

I hope, therefore, I may be permitted to give for his and your readers' benefit the following good reasons: —

1. This book contains, in the poem entitled 'The Gift of God,' the most wisely ironic and tender study of motherhood that I know of in contemporary poetry.

2. In 'Cassandra' there is the most penetrative analysis of American failings — written from the inside, by an American — that America has yet achieved.

3. In 'Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford,' Mr. Robinson has given the most complete and comprehensive picture of Shakespeare, as he must have appeared in the period of his later tragedies, that has been drawn by any poet, either English or American.

4. Finally, in 'The Man Against the Sky' he has written a plea for faith far more impressive, austere, and ennobling, than Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.'

If these are not reasons enough for Mr. Robinson's eminence, let your reviewer mention any living English poet, except Hardy and Doughty, that has accomplished more than this. I, too, shall be grateful.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

✻

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TREASURES are never exhausted; only, sometimes, there is a painful dearth of treasure-seekers. Not long ago a book-buyer, rummaging in a second-hand store at Oxford, unearthed a copy of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, which he bought for 17*s*. 6*d*. A little later, examining his purchase at his hotel, he found on a blank page, some notes initialed 'W.' Reference to the Bodleian Library revealed that the notes were by Wordsworth. He sold the book back to the dealer the same day for twelve pounds — which to the true book-lover will be the only painful part of the story.

A curious illustration of the enhanced value that an autograph gives a book is to be found in a volume that turned up at Dobell's, London, not long since. It cost Thomas Gray 1*s*. 9*d*., which the poet no doubt thought dear enough. He wrote his name in it, however, and now it fetches £4 10*s*.

✻

BOOKS MENTIONED

Pitollet, M. Camille: *V. Blasco-Ibáñez, ses romans et le roman de sa vie*. Paris, Calmann-Lévy.

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